THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 153 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · NOVEMBER 1, 1941 NUMBER 18

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 413

EDITORIALS

The High Cost of Terror *by Freda Kirchwey* 416
Labor's Irresponsibles 417
Whispering Campaign 418

ARTICLES

Vladivostok and Points East *by I. F. Stone* 419
Americans Without a Country *by Carey McWilliams* 420
The Undiscoverables. IV. The Grisafi *by Ralph Bates* 423
America After Defense. II. Our Capacity for Abundance *by Alden Stevens* 425
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 427
In the Wind 428
A Native at Large *by Jonathan Daniels* 429

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

"So Bright an Andalusian" *by Rolfe Humphries* 430
The Role of Reason *by Reinhold Niebuhr* 430
The Indispensable Century *by Lionel Trilling* 431
Napoleon and Hitler *by Rustem Vambery* 432
Lull Before Death *by Louis B. Salomon* 433
A Selected List of Children's Books *by Lena Barksdale* 433
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 436
Drama: The Arden Forest Follies *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 437

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 440

FREDA KIRCHWEY
Editor and Publisher

ROBERT BENDINER, *Managing Editor* · I. F. STONE, *Literary Editor* · MARGARET MARSHALL, *Washington Editor*

KEITH HUTCHISON, MAXWELL S. STEWART, *Associate Editors*
RICHARD H. ROVERE, *Assistant Editor*
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *Drama Critic*
B. H. HAGGIN, *Music Critic*

BOARD OF CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

NORMAN ANGELL · JONATHAN DANIELS · LOUIS FISCHER
REINHOLD NIEBUHR · J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

HUGO VAN ARX, *Business Manager*
MARY HOWARD ELLISON, *Advertising Manager*

Published weekly and copyright, 1941, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 856 National Press Building.

The Shape of Things

THE PRESIDENT'S BOLD FIGHTING TALK ON Monday night provided an excellent keynote for the opening of the debate on the Neutrality Act amendments. Isolationist Senators are already asserting, as we go to press, that the speech was virtually a declaration of war and that the changes in the act demanded by the Administration will effectually put us into it. This of course is true, and it is to be hoped that the Administration forces will not try to soft-pedal these obvious and fateful implications. The President committed the country, more pugnaciously and unequivocally than ever before, to a policy of total resistance to Hitler's aggressions. He said that the shooting had already begun and that Germany had fired the first shot; and he more than implied that the United States would fire the last one. He announced that "we Americans have cleared our decks and taken our battle stations," and that we would not desert them until Nazism was finally and completely defeated. These words do imply war, as the isolationists and the Nazis insist. But these elements will waste their breath if they try to scare the country with the clear meaning of the President's words. The country knows what his words mean, and it is not afraid.

*

VIRTUAL REPEAL OF THE NEUTRALITY ACT seems assured by the decision of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to recommend that the ship-arming bill be amended to permit our ships to enter belligerent ports. Although the Senate isolationists promise a vigorous fight, the amendments seem certain to pass. A great deal of water has flowed under the bridge since the Neutrality Act was adopted, and the majority of Congressmen have realized the folly of trying to buy peace by abandoning our national rights. Particularly encouraging is the fact that a substantial group of Republicans have abandoned the party's line of blind opposition to the Administration's foreign policy and taken the lead in pressing for a positive program. For some time the President has been lagging behind public opinion with regard to action against the aggressors. But he will hardly allow leadership to pass to the opposition.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN L. LEWIS HAS A GOOD CASE IN HIS dispute with the steel companies which own the captive coal mines; and since his adversary is ultimately the United States Steel Corporation, he can combat it only by means of his power to stop work in those mines. It is true also that the National Defense Mediation Board in this instance failed to show its usual admirable speed and then recommended not a solution but further negotiations. But there is little doubt that Lewis might have consented to continue negotiations without closing the mines if it were not for the fact that he hates President Roosevelt so much—not to mention the British and Sidney Hillman—that he is willing to invite a showdown which may not only mean his defeat in the immediate dispute but precipitate drastic legislation in a Congress which has been waiting for a good excuse to pounce. No one would welcome such a development more warmly than United States Steel. And Myron Taylor's refusal, according to Lewis, to meet with him before Wednesday, when the strike and the feeling against labor would be three days old, shows that defense is not the first consideration in the policies of United States Steel. If Lewis wins the union shop in the captive mines, the steel workers stand to win it in the mills of Big and Little Steel. It is, in fact, reported that the Steel Corporation, whose subsidiary, the H. C. Frick Company, is the largest company involved in the strike, is willing to grant the union shop in return for a promise that the steel workers will not ask similar concessions. Lewis obviously can make no such promise. The failure of the Mediation Board to issue a clear-cut decision in this crucial case is unfortunate. But it does not excuse Lewis's reckless action in closing the mines and preparing the way for repressive legislation which United States Steel, above all others, desires.

✶

THE SITUATION ON THE EASTERN FRONT continues to deteriorate despite the coming of winter along the northern half of the 1,800-mile battle line. Although the defenses of Moscow have stiffened since General Zhukov took over the command of the vital central sector, the Russian losses in the Donetz Basin have been exceedingly serious. Kharkov is one of the greatest of the new industrial cities created under the first Five-Year Plan. Its loss, together with that of Stalino and Taganrog, constitutes the most deadly blow yet delivered to Soviet war production. Rostov, now gravely endangered, is of equal value as an industrial center and of far greater strategic significance. It is the gateway to the rich Dombas coal fields and is on the direct route to the Caucasian oil fields. Loss of Rostov will not mean, however, that the oil fields are Hitler's for the taking. The Nazi legions are still several hundred miles from the closest fields at Grozny, and there is a strong possibility that long before reaching this point they will have to face fresh British as well as Soviet troops.

BRITISH FEELINGS OF FRUSTRATION AND disappointment because no attempt has been made to exploit the opportunity to attack Germany created by Russia's stubborn defense boiled over in Parliamentary debates last week. In the House of Commons demands for more action were joined to hot criticisms of some ministerial leftovers from the Chamberlain era, notably Lord Halifax, War Secretary David Margesson, and Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Minister for Aircraft Production, who as past appeasers are suspect of present lukewarmness regarding aid to Russia. A recent statement by Lord Halifax to the effect that it was quite impossible to hope for invasion of the Continent this year was denounced as a plain tip to Hitler to have no fear of attack in the west. Foreign Secretary Eden attempted to turn this onslaught with a mild rebuke to Britain's Ambassador in Washington, who, he said, had not used "exactly the right words on the right occasion." Mr. Eden also hinted vaguely that some sort of offensive might be in preparation, adding that any advance information about the plan of action would be "playing into the hands of the enemy." He failed to placate the opposition, and three days later a mass-meeting of workers shouted down Ellen Wilkinson and other speakers who suggested that a western offensive would be premature. Undoubtedly the British government is right in not yielding to public clamor in this matter. A Continental expedition could only be organized at the expense of other forms of aid to Russia, including offensive action in the Middle East or North Africa, where a new battle may open shortly. But Mr. Churchill could well alleviate the public anxiety responsible for the current agitation by dropping the ex-appeasers from his Cabinet.

✶

THE MARITIME COMMISSION BLUNDERED inexcusably when it announced to the world, including the Nazis, that all shipments to the Soviets would hereafter be sent from Boston to Archangel. We do not pretend to know all of the reasons for this decision. It has been suggested that the commission was merely trying to win political favor by making provision for one of the many smaller ports that had been pressing for more of the defense export trade. But the explanation hardly measures up to the gravity of the error. And it seems inconceivable that the commission would issue a statement of such strategic importance without checking with the State Department and the Navy. It now appears that the commission did not mean to say that no further shipments would be sent via Vladivostok or Iran, though little or nothing is being sent by those routes. Vladivostok's facilities for handling oil may have been seriously taxed by our recent shipments, but there is no evidence that in shipping supplies to the Soviet Union this country is making the fullest possible use of the Pacific routes in addition to the more direct Atlantic route.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAST DECEMBER OUR WASHINGTON EDITOR, I. F. Stone, in a special dispatch from Detroit first broke the news of the so-called Reuther Plan. He told of the possibility of converting the machinery of the automotive industry to defense production and of the vast machine-tool resources idle in the shops of the industry. It takes a long time for some ideas to sink in. Eleven months later the New York *Times,* in its issue of October 26, reported that the OPM and the industry are no longer so scornful of these ideas as they once were. W. H. Harrison, OPM production director, says automobile manufacturers, with car production curtailed, are finding that they have more machines that can be turned to other purposes than they would hitherto admit. "Officials also are discussing plans," the *Times* reports, "to 'recapture' the 'captive' tool-making facilities of the automobile industry, and, by pooling them, add greatly to the output of tools needed to fashion the implements of war."

*

HEARINGS ON THE PRICE-CONTROL BILL have finally been ended after three months of wrangling during which the cost of living advanced nearly 5 per cent. It is not clear yet what kind of bill the committee will write, but it seems likely that it will be less rather than more satisfactory than the one prepared by Price Administrator Henderson. The pressure for a ceiling on wages as well as on prices has been accentuated in the past week by Canada's decision to experiment with such a measure. Mr. Henderson has pointed out, however, that the Canadian action differs fundamentally from proposals usually made here. Canada has not frozen wages. It has taken a base period and pegged industrial wages to the steadily advancing cost of living. This practice has been followed in civilian industries since 1940. While in the United States some wages have risen more than the cost of living, millions of workers have suffered reduction in real wages as a result of rising living costs. To freeze wages at their present level would be to penalize these workers while protecting farmers, workers in the defense industries, and such others as have been fortunate enough to improve their status. Similar inequalities are to be found in the price field. A general ceiling on prices may be justified on occasion as an emergency measure, but it is certain to cause many more headaches than the flexible plan suggested by Mr. Henderson.

*

THE RESUMPTION OF BRITISH-MEXICAN diplomatic relations, after a three-and-a-half-year interval, represents a setback for the Nazis in Latin America. The cause of the rupture—confiscation of British oil properties by the Mexican government—has not been eliminated; the settlement simply reflects Mexico's clear-cut alignment with the countries resisting aggression. It will be recalled that Mexico never recognized the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, that it was the only country on the American continent to throw its weight unmistakably on the side of the Republican government of Spain, and that even today it has not recognized the Franco dictatorship. That it was slow in resuming relations with Britain was not its fault; the British were said to fear that a compromise with Mexico would tempt Venezuela, from whose oil fields the British Atlantic fleet is largely fueled, to seize British-owned properties. A few years ago when the Latin American states had good cause to look upon British and American imperialism as opposed to their legitimate national aims, this threat may have been a real one. Today the vastly greater menace of Nazi penetration has brought about a fundamental change of attitude which the present action of the Mexican government clearly demonstrates.

*

GENERAL J. B. M. HERTZOG, FORMER PREMIER of South Africa and honorary leader of the opposition Africander Party, has announced his support of Nazism, which he says is no German patent but an old Afrikaan custom. His party and its leader, N. C. Havenga, whose chief political characteristic has been lifelong loyalty to Hertzog, have promptly repudiated him and reaffirmed their adherence to democratic principles. This leaves the position of the numerous South Africans opposed to participation in the war more confused than ever. Provided Hertzog has been able to carry any of his followers with him, there would now seem to be at least four anti-war, republican groups in South Africa, all at loggerheads with one another. The most sinister and extreme of these factions is the Ossewabrandwag, which has completely adopted Nazi racial doctrines and is organized on Nazi lines with a para-military corps. Differing little, if at all, in principles is the Herenigde Party headed by Dr. Malan. There has been constant personal rivalry, however, between Malan and the Ossewabrandwag leaders, and attempts to form a united front have more than once broken down. Past feuds also form a barrier between Malan and Hertzog. Last year General Smuts remarked that of all the members on the opposition benches only seven did not aspire to leadership. This situation has helped to prevent the South African anti-war and pro-Nazi movements from smashing the Smuts government. It would be a mistake, however, to underrate their potential menace.

*

THE SECOND ISSUE OF *FREE WORLD,* OUT THIS week, carries one feature which hides a surprising charge of dynamite under its harmless appearance. Eight prominent Latin American democrats tell in brief statements what the Latin American countries expect from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States. The surprise is the unanimity with which they demand two things: economic help divorced from imperialist control; support of democratic tendencies in the Latin countries. After paying sufficient deference to the Good Neighbor policy and the needs of hemispheric defense, these leaders, as with one voice, warn the United States that deep-rooted suspicion of its motives still poisons relations between Washington and the peoples of the Latin countries; that a whirlwind war-time courtship is not an acceptable substitute for tested friendship; that a Latin American economy capable of resisting Nazi pressure can be constructed only if United States financing is employed to build up the purchasing power of the countries affected—not to drain off quick profits; and that dictators are still tyrants even if they operate in the Western Hemisphere. We hope this charge of pro-democratic opinion explodes in the innermost recesses of the State Department, where a democratic foreign policy is least popular.

The High Cost of Terror

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE Nazi atrocities in France and the other subjugated countries have spread cold horror through the civilized world. President Roosevelt's powerful denunciation of reprisals against innocent hostages and Prime Minister Churchill's promise that "retribution for these crimes must henceforward take its place among the major purposes of the war" have expressed the emotions and the determination of decent people everywhere. The atrocities have served as no other tactic could have done to dramatize again the Nazi policy of calculated frightfulness, which by its very persistence had dulled the reactions of even the most sensitive onlookers.

I have just read over the accumulated stories of terrorism in the past two weeks, and the picture is one that cannot be looked at for more than a moment at a time. One is tempted, in defense of one's sanity, to charge off some of the evidence to propaganda, recalling the fabrications and belated corrections current in World War I. But this way of escape has been closed by the Nazis themselves, who control to the last item the export of news from the countries in which their rule by firing squad has been established. Only an occasional dispatch from Berne or Stockholm offers latitude for invention. The bulk of the evidence comes through the Nazi censorship, and a considerable proportion of it is given out by German officials or correspondent-propagandists.

Such, for example, was a recent story told by the New York *Times* correspondent, Ray Brock, in a dispatch from Ankara. Mr. Brock quoted the eyewitness account, written by Walter Gruber in the Nazi Belgrade *Donau Zeitung*, of a punitive expedition against the Serbs. Said Gruber, who as chief of the S. S. Propaganda Department for Belgrade may be assumed to hold dear his country's reputation: "In some villages the population met us with white flags; in some cases we respected them. In others we found unflattering slogans chalked on the walls, posters insulting the Führer. In those cases we sometimes shot one man out of ten in the entire village and sometimes burned the villages to the ground." Women and children, Gruber reported, were shot when they resisted the Germans or were in possession of "illegal papers." One small child was shot because "Communist pamphlets" were found in its pocket. All townspeople *suspected* of aiding the Serbs or *suspected* of resistance "were shot out of hand."

This is typical, not exceptional. Two hundred "Jews and Communists" in Belgrade have been executed as a reprisal for a single attack on two German soldiers. In Norway all winter coats as well as blankets have been requisitioned from the citizens for the use of the Nazi forces in Russia. That this order will be enforced to the last woolen garment may be assumed from a recent statement by Josef Terboven, Nazi Commissioner in Norway. "It is a matter of indifference to Germany," he said, "if some thousands or perhaps tens of thousands of Norwegian men, women, and children starve and freeze to death during this war." In Russia the horrors are still hidden; but Winston Churchill has referred darkly to the facts that will later emerge concerning the behavior of the Nazi armies on the eastern front, and J. Alvarez del Vayo in his article in last week's *Nation* said that 100,000 Ukrainian civilians, mostly Jews, were reliably reported to have been shot in the past two months.

But such is the ordinary imagination, in America as elsewhere, that the murder of 100 innocent French citizens echoes louder in the nerves than 100,000 Eastern Europeans. Horror is generated by geographical proximity and sense of kinship rather than by numbers or brutality. The reprisals already visited on French hostages for the assassination of two German officers, one in Nantes and one in Bordeaux, and those still threatened as we go to press have done more to make Americans realize what Nazi rule means in the lives of conquered peoples than all that has happened in and out of Germany since Hitler came to power.

And the cringing subservience of Pétain and his fellow stoolpigeons has opened the eyes of many bemused Americans to the true functions of the Vichy regime. When Pétain asks his countrymen to surrender to the Nazi gunmen those guilty of "criminal acts" against their oppressors and to do it in order to support his policy of collaboration with those oppressors, he surrenders his last poor pretense of dignity and independence. It is to the everlasting honor of the French people that even the offer of a fabulous bribe—15,000,000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

francs—added to the threat of imminent reprisals has not produced a single clue or whisper of information leading to the discovery of the men who committed the assassinations. This brave silence is the nation's answer to Nazi terrorists and French traitors.

Whether assassination is an effective and so a justified method of attack is another question. General de Gaulle, while describing the attacks on Nazi officers as "normal and justified," has asked the French people "not to kill Germans" until a "directive" is given by him; and he suggests that internal resistance will be futile until it can be supported by an attack from outside. In the larger sense of achieving a clear victory over the Nazis he is doubtless right. Hitler will not be defeated by individual acts, however numerous, and the price of such acts, in human terms, is certainly exorbitant. But that they have an immediate and useful effect is also evident. To prove that the "new order" is in fact no order at all, but government by machine-gun and firing squad imposed upon populations committed to uncompromising resistance—this is a major objective; and it need not wait upon a successful invasion of the Continent for its accomplishment. To teach the men and women of the United States what this rule means, to make them understand, in Churchill's words, "what Hitler would inflict upon the British and American peoples if only he could get the power"—that is another major objective, perhaps the most important that could be realized at the present hour.

Whether these results justify their terrible cost is hard to calculate, but they cannot be lightly dismissed. A high German officer in Greece is reported to have said, "There is a point beyond which human suffering ceases to pay us." In the cynical brutality of those words lies a truth that the Nazis are only beginning to learn.

Labor's Irresponsibles

NO COMMITTEE of Congress investigating the defense program, and there are a half-dozen looking into the various aspects of the job, has approached the Truman committee in courage. It has been the only committee to challenge the forces of monopoly and of business-as-usual which are hampering the defense program. Even its more conservative members have shown an independence of mind in dealing with big business interests that commands respect and deserves gratitude. The Truman committee represents honest middle-class indignation at monopolistic greed interfering with defense. Characteristically, its chief emphasis has been on the need to make a place in the program for "the little man," and since defense cannot be speeded up until the scattered but enormous resources of our small shops and factories are put to work on armament, the emphasis is thoroughly justified.

The representatives of labor and little business have a common interest in spreading work and in preventing the concentration of defense orders in a few hands. To the small business man these mean the difference between continuance in business and bankruptcy; to the worker, the difference between a job and "priorities unemployment." It is significant in this connection that the one place in the defense program where champions of the little business man have found a place for themselves has been in the Labor Division, first of the Defense Commission and then of the OPM. It is the Labor Division which has stressed the need for spreading orders and for encouraging pools of little businesses for defense.

The maintenance of better relations between labor and little business is of the utmost importance for the future. If big business can turn little business into an enemy of labor, it will have laid the basis in a thousand small towns for an American fascist movement that Hitler victories abroad might make formidable. Abroad, while big business has bought the shirts of fascism, little business men, men of the lower middle class, have worn them. In the maintenance of democracy, in the making of the peace, in post-war reconstruction, the relations between labor and little business are likely to prove crucial.

That is why the spectacle presented by the hearings on the Currier case before the Truman committee is so deplorable. The members of this committee and the small-town, small-business folk whom they represent have seen the dirtiest of labor's dirty linen paraded before them. The quarrel between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. which lies behind the Currier case is evidence that labor's leadership in this country, at one of the most critical moments of world history, is prepared to sacrifice everything, including the good repute of the labor movement, to its own petty feuds. In part, particularly in the old-line craft unions, the rank and file are infected with the same cantankerousness and opposition to new ideas as the leadership. But in part these feuds arise from the quarrels of men who act and think as if their unions were their personal and private property.

The A. F. of L. is at war with the C. I. O.—let aid to Britain and Russia wait. John L. Lewis hates Sidney Hillman and Sidney Hillman hates John L. Lewis. The C. I. O. construction workers are at war with the A. F. of L. teamsters. Blood has been spilled in Detroit, and feeling is bitter. Each side is prepared to make deals with employers to put one over on the other. Openly or tacitly the A. F. of L. threatens to kick over the stabilization agreement in the building trades if the Currier contract is approved. The Truman committee and the man in the street are told that we must pay $200,000 more for some badly needed defense housing or there will be trouble.

Sidney Hillman, whose aid to the small business man

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the defense program has been considerable, should be on the best of terms with the Truman committee. Instead, he was put on the spot in a way that made candor impossible and evasion unavoidable. His appearance before the committee was not impressive. He dodged questions, fell back on long-winded speeches about his thirty years in the labor movement. It is hard to see what else he can do to keep the peace, under the circumstances, but give the A. F. of L. a virtual monopoly on defense construction. Most construction workers belong to the A. F. of L. The abrupt shift to prefabrication would not only cause disastrous strikes; it would throw many craft workers out of employment. The C. I. O. construction union, moreover, is made of paper and spite and, in this case, serves the purposes of a company union.

It is the circumstances that call for criticism. Labor in America may some day pay a bitter price for the luxury of the personal feuds and the internecine warfare exposed before the Truman committee. The time may be approaching when unless the rank and file clean house, others will. It is time that a group of old dodos, hard-fisted toughs, and stubborn prima donnas, with a sprinkling of racketeers, were told that they are not the labor movement. The longer they are permitted to continue their present tactics, the harder it will be for the rank and file of both A. F. of L. and C. I. O. to get together and enforce peace on their leaders, peace and a sense of responsibility.

Whispering Campaign

SENATOR WHEELER related in an interview a few days ago how a business man in Chicago had been denied aluminum by priority officials and "just for fun" had written to England for it. Back came a prompt reply from Britain, according to Senator Wheeler, saying that the order could be filled in three weeks. The Senator stated that his informant was a Captain MacDonland of the Zenith Radio Company. This enabled the Washington correspondents of the New York *Post* to make a few inquiries, with the following result: The story had its genesis last June at the annual meeting of the Zenith Radio Company. A shortage of alnico steel, an alloy of aluminum, nickel, and copper, was being discussed, and it was suggested that some of this steel might be obtained from England. The company thereupon wrote to England and was promptly informed that alnico steel could not be supplied, that it was subject to export licenses, that the British government had informed the trade that no licenses for the export of such materials were being granted, that none would be granted. Except for these little details Senator Wheeler's story was strictly accurate.

That bit of phantom aluminum has appeared all over the United States and for four months has helped to inflame business men who on one score or another have grievances against the Administration. It is but one sign among many of a definitely organized campaign to awaken and irritate latent Anglophobia to serve the purposes of the isolationist opposition. One recalls earlier stories of a similar pattern: British officials in Washington were using lend-lease funds to give champagne suppers to movie stars; lend-lease steel was being sold at cut prices in the South American market; American tankers were being used in order to permit British shipping firms to make profits on non-essential business. For several days all the papers of the Hearst transcontinental chain printed column upon column of protests by business men against the sale in this country of a fire-fighting pump used in British air-raid fires. There is no evidence that even one British pump of that kind has ever been sold here. But the headlines and interviews managed to create the impression that the American market was being swamped with British-made air-raid pumps. The frequent appearance of such stories, so displayed and so exploited, is no coincidence.

When it is remembered that in the ordinary course of export administration the various authorities in Britain have to grant some thousands of licenses every day, it is not strange that sometimes—say, in one case in a thousand or even one in a hundred—something, some part of an article, or something in some part of an article whose export would contravene the very stringent rules laid down to insure that lend-lease material be not misused, slips through. Some months back the charges that began to roll up in isolationist circles about the misuse of lend-lease goods and funds were branded by the President "just plain dirty falsehoods." But if one grants a 1 per cent margin of error or doubt in what are often difficult and complex decisions, one will get some hundreds of small challengeable cases.

These stories cannot be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders, for they indicate the beginnings here of a kind of movement by which in most of the countries of the world mischievous minorities have been able to frustrate the intentions of more inert majorities. Hitler managed to rally almost the entire class of small business men of Germany in opposition to the Weimar Republic on the ground that the government of the republic had become the tool of Jews who were growing rich at the expense of truly German small businesses. The small man in Germany, like small men everywhere, was having a hard time in the depression and therefore lent a sympathetic ear to the explanation; and many a shopkeeper who had never in fact suffered the slightest injury at the hands of Jews became not merely violently anti-Semitic but violently hostile to the liberal republic. That was, of course, the main purpose behind the campaign on the racial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issue. And it is quite clear that those who are directing the present campaign in the United States intend, if they can, to use the Anglophobia latent in some parts of the country, particularly where Irish influence has been of long standing, as an avenue of attack upon the New Deal and the Administration's foreign policy.

It is an astute maneuver. Throughout the country organizations of "small business men" are springing up. The effort of the small business man to make sure of his livelihood in the industrial transformation of the country, to see that defense plans are not made a screen for monopolistic practice to his disadvantage, is legitimate. But it is evident that certain of these organizations, ostensibly created for the protection of the small business man, are exploiting his fears and prejudices for political purposes that have very little to do with his economic security; and he is, by a side wind, being blown into opposition to the country's foreign policy, an opposition that is in harmony neither with his interests nor his intention.

Vladivostok and Points East

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 24

VLADIVOSTOK: The best information I am able to obtain is that the shift from Vladivostok to Archangel for Russian shipments does not spring from a desire to appease the Japanese. My source is strongly opposed to appeasement and unlikely to underestimate the strength it still commands in the State Department. He says that the shift was dictated by the time which can be saved on aid to the Russian front by using Archangel instead of Vladivostok. The proof will come when and if the Germans strike northeast of Moscow at Vologda and cut the one railroad which runs south from Archangel. Whatever the difficulties of the Trans-Siberian route, it will be the last one left if the Nazis succeed in cutting the railroad from Archangel in the north and in reaching the Caspian in the south.

LABOR AND DEFENSE: The best information I can obtain, from sources which would like to believe differently, is that John L. Lewis still hasn't changed his mind about the war. This runs counter to the information implied by the pleased and mysterious smiles of the British labor delegates who spoke with Lewis recently, but it comes from much closer to headquarters.

Although Lewis heads a compact group made up of himself, Kathryn, and Denny Lewis, and could probably swing just that many votes in the labor movement against aid to Britain and Russia, his attitude acts as a damper on labor efforts for defense. As long as Lewis has yet to declare himself, the big jobholders of the C. I. O. tread softly on the issue.

This may explain why the C. I. O. conference on priorities unemployment held here last Monday met behind closed doors, with Philip Murray absent. A labor conference to speed defense would help bolster morale in both Britain and Russia, but this was largely a "bull session" of research directors. Rank-and-file desire for more vigorous measures will make itself felt at the coming C. I. O. convention.

Some indication of what labor participation could do in the councils of defense was given by several of the reports made at the conference. The Automobile Workers' union reported that machine tools in the Detroit area are not being used at more than 25 per cent of capacity; the Steel Workers' union, that its industry was employing almost one-sixth of its workers less than five days a week; the Farm Equipment Workers' Organizing Committee, that certain large farm-equipment firms were attempting to corner the civilian market at the expense of their defense orders; the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, that unhealthy and dangerous working conditions were holding back full production of copper.

OIL: Secretary Ickes acted on good advice when he suddenly discovered there was no oil shortage and the British on equally good advice in returning forty tankers. The Maloney committee's next step would have been to subpoena port records of the United States Maritime Commission, and judging from the log of the I. J. White these would have shown how little use has been made by the British of American tankers. The I. J. White was one of the tankers turned over to the British in May. It took one cargo from the Gulf to Halifax; tied up at Norfolk, ostensibly for repairs; went to Curaçao; loaded up with oil for Capetown, South Africa; and was sunk in the South Atlantic on its way there on September 15. In four months this tanker had carried but one load of oil for the British, and that only to Halifax.

It must be kept in mind that we are dealing here with an international oil combine. Standard of New Jersey is the largest single owner of British and Norwegian tanker tonnage. Shell, primarily a Dutch-British company, is also a large American concern, with big holdings of tankers on both sides of the water. Neither can be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trusted. The tanker shortage, partly the result of manipulation, was used to force passage of the Cole bill giving the majors eminent domain for their Southeastern pipe lines and an increase in the price of gasoline. Third-quarter reports, just beginning to come in, show the effect of that price increase. Shell Union more than doubled its net earnings during the quarter, despite generous tax allowances. It earned 51 cents a share on its common in the three months ended September 30 as compared with 21 cents a share in the same period last year.

According to the *Wall Street Journal,* the sudden lifting of restrictions on the sale of oil products took the industry by surprise and has given it some headaches by forcing a revamping of long-range transportation plans. There is reason to suppose, however, that the oil companies were, in fact, worried by public reactions to an apparently unnecessary crisis and were preparing to make Ickes the goat. This explains the role assigned James W. Moffett, chairman of the board of California-Texas, a subsidiary of Ralph K. Davies's company. Moffett was given the job of feeding out facts embarrassing to Ickes. Having obtained their price rise, though not steel priorities for their pipe lines, the majors were preparing to decamp and leave Ickes holding the bag. They are still afraid he might some day emerge as a real czar of the oil industry.

Tip-off on how the majors feel about the tanker shortage is the refusal of the Canadian government, even better oiled than our own, to permit transfer of the thirty-five Canadian tankers from the Great Lakes for the winter. They are small enough to be brought through the Chicago ship canal for use in the Atlantic. These tankers are owned by subsidiaries of the same big American and Anglo-Dutch combines. The Texas Railroad Commission, which has shut down many of the Texas oil fields nine days a month for lack of tankers, would like to get its hands on that Canadian fleet for the winter. But it might be difficult for the majors to maintain the price rise if Texas were enabled to expand production.

SOCIAL NOTES: At Mrs. Evalyn Walsh ("Hope diamond") McLean's hosty-totsy shindig last Sunday night Hjalmar Procope, Minister of Hitler's ally, Finland, sat on her left, Lord Halifax on her right, to the delight of local appeasers and pro-Nazis. Cissy Patterson and the Washington *Times-Herald* and the New York *Daily News*–Chicago *Tribune* crowd were quite pleased. The *Times-Herald,* which has run Hearst-syndicated sob stuff on the Windsors, was also pleased by the last-minute invitation to the Duke and Duchess to lunch at the White House. This announcement followed a spate of rumors that the Roosevelts would find some excuse not to entertain the wilted Windsors.

Americans Without a Country

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

THOUSANDS of European refugees, seeking to escape from countries overrun by the Nazis, have found themselves caught in an incredible maze of conflicting citizenship laws, visa regulations, and consular stupidities. While the war has dramatized the problem, it had arisen long before September, 1939, as a result of modern means of transportation; ease of transit has made utterly obsolete the myriad restrictions upon free movement which developed under the conditions of travel prevailing a century ago. It is not so generally known that the domestic migrant, or refugee, encounters very similar difficulties, that literally tens of thousands of migrants are kept constantly on the move in this country by the dizzy complexities of our settlement laws. (Originally settlement laws were intended to immobilize labor —after the Black Plague; today they have the opposite effect of stimulating migration.)

Settlement laws patterned on early British statutes were in effect in forty-three states and the District of Columbia on January 1, 1936. Lacking any uniformity, these statutes are a snarl of weird and complicated provisions, applying not only between states but between counties in the same state and between townships in the same county. In Illinois, for example, responsibility for the care of the destitute rests upon the particular township in which relief is applied for. In order to be eligible for relief the applicant must have resided continuously in this one township for three years, during all of which period he must have been wholly self-supporting. Recently a woman seventy-two years of age lost settlement —and therefore became ineligible for relief—by moving from Chicago to Cicero. In 1940 the state of California shipped a sixty-five-year-old Okie back to his native state on the ground that he lacked residence in California. Oklahoma promptly contended that he had lost settlement there and shipped him back to California, where once again he found himself ineligible for relief. States exchange transients as belligerents exchange prisoners of war.

Many "crazy" situations arise under these settlement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laws. A young man who had lived all his life in Pennsylvania joined the army and was stationed in California. There he married a California girl, a native daughter. Six months before his term of enlistment expired he deserted. Unable to locate her husband, the girl applied for relief in California. But she was told that by marriage she had acquired the settlement of her husband. Consequently she was "returned" to Pennsylvania, where she had never been before. In order to obtain relief she had to become an exile. Court decisions, moreover, have upheld the right of a state to "deport" a destitute transient, regardless of whether the transient consents.

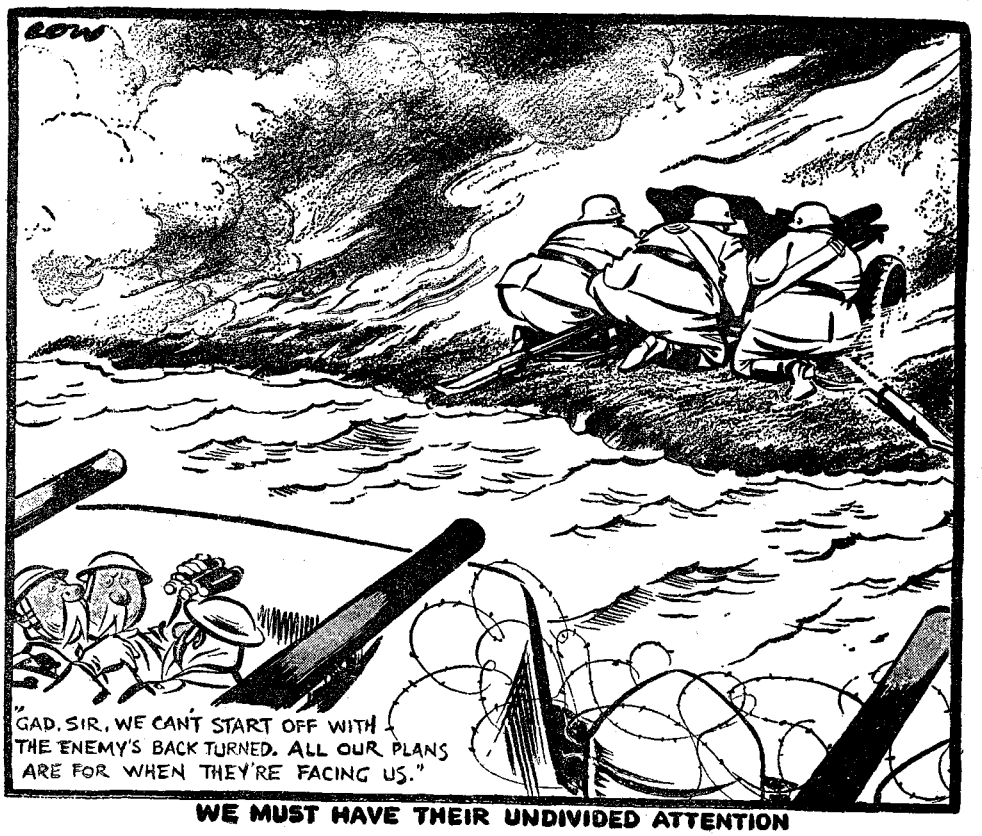
"Every parish," noted the *Annals of Agriculture* in 1808, "regards the poor of all other places as aliens." That the same concept prevails today in America is shown by the case of Elmer Hawthorne, a native of Iowa. Elmer's father had been an Iowa farmer for years, paying taxes on a four-hundred-acre farm. When the elder Hawthorne lost the farm during the depression, Elmer, with a wife and three children to support, became a farm laborer. In the winter and spring of 1939 he was working as a farm hand in Humboldt County. One day while he was at work in the fields a deputy sheriff served him with a "Notice to Depart" which read:

> You are notified that you are not a resident of Humboldt County; and as you have, or it is presumed you may, apply to said county for aid and support, you are therefore notified to take your departure from this county and return to the place of your settlement, as Humboldt County will not be responsible for your support.
>
> Given under my hand this 11th day of April, 1939,
>
> E. S. Johnson, County Auditor,
>
> By Order of the Board of Supervisors.

At the time the notice was served, Hawthorne had not applied for relief, but was regularly employed and wholly self-supporting. Soon afterward, however, he lost his job. Since he had been notified that he was ineligible for relief, he had to send his wife and children to Nebraska to live with the "in-laws." After wandering around in search of a job, he finally got work in Cherokee County and immediately sent for his family. A few months later, through no fault of his, he also lost this job. When he applied for relief, he was given a temporary grocery order, but was then served with a notice like that he had received in Humboldt County. Since no relief could be obtained in Iowa, the entire family moved to Nebraska. As soon as they applied for aid in Nebraska, however, they were told they were residents of Iowa. Hawthorne, in other words, discovered that he was a resident neither of Iowa nor of Nebraska. He found himself an alien in his own, his native land.

Of all the stories which the Tolan committee investigating migratory labor has heard, the strangest is that of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anton Hulm. In 1932 the Hulms with their eleven children were living on a farm in North Dakota. When the droughts came they "lost everything," as Mrs. Hulm put it, and were forced to move to South Dakota, where Hulm found work with the WPA. In April, 1937, he got word of a job in North Dakota and induced the local welfare board to advance him the necessary money to move his family. Unfortunately, the job proved to be a mirage, and for nearly a year, though the Hulms were out of the state, South Dakota was compelled to support them because they were still technically residents. At the end of the year, however, the relief checks ceased to arrive, "settlement" having been lost, and Hulm was compelled to seek aid from welfare agencies in North Dakota. He received a $6 grocery order. A few weeks later a welfare worker appeared at his home and announced, "We are shipping you in the morning back to South Dakota. If you don't go peaceably, we will have the law on you."

The next morning the Hulms were loaded into a truck and taken across the line to Lemmon, South Dakota.



WE MUST HAVE THEIR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There they were met by the chief of police and a local welfare official. "You don't belong here," said the chief; "you turn right around and go back." He also threatened to arrest the driver of the truck for transporting indigents into the state—a misdemeanor in South Dakota as in some thirty other states at the present time. A Red Cross worker finally got permission to take the family to a restaurant for lunch. As soon as they had eaten, however, they were marched back to the truck, where they sat until 9:30 in the evening while the town of Lemmon debated what to do with the Hulms. At last the chief of police, more in despair than out of pity, took them to a hotel. At seven o'clock in the morning they were routed out of bed, fed, packed in a car, and taken across the line into North Dakota, with a warning to stay out of South Dakota. "I can't do anything about it," said Mrs. Hulm. "We are just betwixt and between."

Once back in North Dakota, they were escorted to an auto camp by welfare officials and told not to leave until they were ordered to do so. The next morning the county welfare board held a hearing on the case and decided that the Hulms must be returnd to once to South Dakota. So in an hour they were on their way back. To avoid the possibility of arrest for transporting indigents across the line, marked by the railroad tracks through the town of Lemmon, the North Dakota officials on this trip were careful to let the Hulms out of the truck while still in their own territory. The family was then given $5 and the instruction, "Just walk across these tracks; South Dakota is to take care of you, and you'll have no trouble."

So the Hulms picked up their equipment, much of it broken by now, and herded their children across the line. As they were walking up the main street, the chief of police appeared again and served them with a legal order to take their departure from South Dakota forthwith. Mrs. Hulm, flourishing the $5 bill, said that they were there to stay. "Oh, no," said the chief, "you're going to sleep on the North Dakota side." For the rest of the day the issue was nobly debated by the sheriff of Adams County, North Dakota, and the chief of police of Lemmon, South Dakota. After a night in an auto camp, paid for by Mrs. Hulm, the family was once more haled before the welfare board and told that they had "ten minutes to get to the other side of the line." By this time Mrs. Hulm was becoming a trifle impatient. "Why," she told the officials, "people treat their dogs better than that."

Despite her protests, however, they were marched back across the line into North Dakota, only to be met by a deputy sheriff who said they could not enter the state. "Well," announced Mrs. Hulm, "there is just one thing to do, Dad. We are going to park on these tracks until we have help. Something has got to be done for us. One side or the other has got to keep us." And park they did, right on the tracks. Toward evening the watching deputy sheriff went across the line into South Dakota and got in touch with the State Welfare Board. Later that night the Hulms were moved again into South Dakota. Weary of this war of nerves, South Dakota did not attempt to send them back. A few months later a lawsuit between two sovereign states to determine responsibility for their care decided that the Hulms were residents of North Dakota. Later another court action was necessary to determine which of two counties in North Dakota was responsible for them and should give them relief.

Our settlement laws have always been unworkable; since the depression they have become intolerable. States compete to see which can enact the most stringent requirements for settlement. As one state raises its requirements, other states do likewise. In consequence a special category of distressed persons has been created—the "federal homeless," residents of the United States but without settlement in any one state. No one has ever estimated how much administrative agencies spend annually in interviewing migrants and attempting, by correspondence, to verify their place of residence. I have seen files on particular families that resembled a dossier on a Dreyfus case.

It is frequently charged that migrants move from state to state in order to get relief—or more relief. But as a witness told the Tolan committee, "when you leave home you do not get relief." Most states will give some temporary assistance while they are attempting to verify residence elsewhere, but if such residence can be established, further aid is denied and the transient must return home. Transients are also excluded from the WPA, since the appropriations are never sufficient to provide work even for residents. In a few states migrant agricultural workers receive some assistance from the Farm Security Administration, but with this exception they are "outlaws" so far as welfare programs are concerned.

With migration being greatly stimulated by the national defense program, it is high time that Congress took action to prevent state legislation that practically Balkanizes the United States. Settlement laws should be abolished and eligibility for assistance determined on the basis of need, not of residence. If these laws cannot be abolished, they should be made uniform as to when settlement is acquired and when it is lost and should include the provision that a settlement once acquired is not lost until a new one is obtained. Pressure can be brought upon the states to make these changes by federal grants-in-aid, under the Social Security Act, conditioned upon the enactment of suitable state legislation. If some such action, in line with the recommendations of the Tolan committee, is not taken promptly, the number of "Americans without a country" is certain to increase.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

IV. The Grisafi

SUMMARY OF PARTS I TO III. *The rumor that Italy has entered the war sets the little fishing village of San Filippo in ferment. The fishermen have been warned indirectly by the old harbor master, Don Cataldo, not to take the fleet out, but they set sail for the fishing grounds earlier than usual. The arrival of a Fascist officer in a coast-guard cutter turns the rumor into fact. He ousts the harbor master and then the cutter heads for the fleet. On the hill pasture above the village and the sea, the Braggart, Maniscalco, joins his sons, Carmelo and Brasi, who are herding goats. The evening before Maniscalco has been thrown out of a wineshop for swearing that neither Duce nor King shall have his son for their wars. Standing upon the headland, father and sons see the lights of the fleet go out one by one and know that the boats have been ordered back, and that war has come. Maniscalco gives vent once more to his rage and fear and swears that "they shall pay."*

WHEN at last everyone on Fishermen's Street had told every neighbor of Italy's entry into the war, the despised slattern, Diodata Ferrarello, slip-slopped across the rubbish patch below the chapel of Our Lady of Light at the top of the steep street and approached Rosaria Grisafi's hut. Naturally Diodata was the one to tell the crazy old woman, Rosaria. Someone had to tell her. Even Rosaria Grisafi had a right to know. The women shrugged their shoulders and went into their houses. The first stimulation of the news had worn off, and numbness was beginning to be felt.

"Eh, *matre,* blessed woman," Diodata yelled, looking into the hut. The old Grisafi woman, who was sitting in the corner as usual, smiled and beckoned vigorously to Signora Ferrarello to enter. Diodata entered and without giving Rosaria time to rise from her chair shook the old woman by the shoulders and shouted into her face. Rosaria was not deaf, but one always shouted at foreigners, children, and lunatics.

"Eh, listen. We're at war, blessed woman. We're at war."

"Guerra!" Rosaria smiled vaguely and nodded her head.

"Now listen. Saints and martyrs, *listen.* War, I say, *war.* We're at war."

"Si." Again the crazy old woman nodded. She patted Diodata's hand. *"Guerra."*

"Clouds of angels, can't you understand, you poor old lady," cried Diodata. Then she imitated the sounds of war, the passage and explosion of shells and bombs. The Grisafi got out of her chair and made straight for the bottle of cordial standing in the niche below the Sacred Heart that was too big to take the place of the Virgin deposed from the niche.

"Guerra," she repeated cheerfully.

"Hordes of devils." Diodata waved her hand vigorously, as if cleaning a window, to indicate that she did not want any cordial.

She smiled as one did in taking leave of the Grisafi, exaggerating the smile into a theatrical grin and nodding her head in a violent pantomime of approval. The old woman's lively face put on a smile also. Her hands fumbled with the wicker-covered bottle. *"Bedda Madonna,"* Diodata exclaimed and strode across the floor and replaced the cordial in its niche. As she reached the door again, the Grisafi shrilled the traditional farewell.

"Every good and blessing. And guard yourself."

"Thank you, thank you," Diodata screamed and added to herself, "The poor blessed old woman." Rosaria, whose voice never rose above a mumble or a whisper at

any other time, invariably shrilled her leave-taking, as if the words were shot out of a pistol.

Diodata shuffled swiftly down the street to her house. "Blessed old woman," she ejaculated as she kicked open the door. Rosaria had been crazy since her fisherman husband had been lost in the great storm many years ago. She had been driven out of the town of San Filippo and had gone to Messina. When she returned nine years later, the townsfolk were still hostile to her, but since she had become a quiet and harmless sort of lunatic they did not try to put her out. Without authorization Rosaria had taken possession of the hut in which she now lived.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Traditionally it had always been the home of the chapel caretaker. After a while all opposition to her occupancy of the hut had died out. The neighbors merely continued to use the patch of land atop the hill as a rubbish dump.

"She has a right to know," Diodata asserted loudly, to no one in particular, though Paterno's wife was passing by.

Diodata Ferrarello herself enjoyed no public esteem. "The slattern from Brindisi," the women called her. Her husband had abandoned her years ago. Her vicious and quarrelsome son Filippo, who abused her and everyone else, had supported her since then, none knew how. Very few days passed without a desperate uproar of screaming and cursing issuing from the Ferrarello house. Filippo, the sallow, thin-chested wastrel, would play his exquisite music through the clatter, to infuriate his mother. Afterward he would play accompaniments while she sang. Once in a while the Grisafi would trot down the hill and poke her head into the home of the woman whose man had run away. The other women had little to do with the Grisafi or the Ferrarello woman.

When Signora Ferrarello had gone, Rosaria returned to her corner chair and folded her hands. A smile of pleasure remained upon her face even when she took a nap. When she awoke she took the chapel keys out of their hiding place, drew her black shawl over her head, and hurried to the chapel. She had assumed the role of chapel caretaker just as she had taken possession of the hut. Onopio Bencivenni, the barber's brother and sexton of the principal church of Our Lady of Sorrows, whose duty it was to open the little chapel, had one evening left the key at the old woman's hut. The next day Rosaria had opened the chapel and had continued to do so ever since. The parish priest had officially appointed her as caretaker after that and had insisted that she be paid a few lire weekly. This awakened the intense hostility of Bencivenni, for Rosaria kept the chapel in spotless condition, which was more than one could say of the immense, wooden-floored, sour-atmosphered church in the piazza. Though she was now an official handmaiden of the church, the Grisafi still kept the chapel keys hidden and still mumbled resentfully when any member of the swarm of Bencivenni's children came within sight of the chapel or her hut.

Once inside the chapel, Rosaria hitched up her skirts and secreted the keys in a pocket in one of her petticoats. Then she extinguished the votive candles and took them out of their sockets and carried them to the diminutive closet that served as vestry. She laid the candles upon the table, sorting them carefully into two heaps according to their length. The more expensive and less-consumed candles that after paring and trimming could be put on sale as new ones, she wrapped in a piece of cloth. The butts she dropped into the box she kept for that purpose. The sale of candles at the chapel of Our Lady of Light was the exclusive privilege of Rosaria Grisafi. She was allowed to make 20 per cent profit, but crazy as she was, the San Filippini said, she had nothing to learn from Bencivenni about the selling of grace and grease twice over.

For more than an hour Rosaria busied herself in the chapel. Then she knelt to say her prayers, aloud, as always. That was the only peg upon which the nearly extinct opposition could hang their propaganda. "Do I roar my head off at the blessed company of saints?" Bencivenni always said with a flourish of his hand that was at once interrogative and condemnatory. It was ridiculous to say that the Grisafi roared, but her sibilant whispering got upon people's nerves, or rather disturbed their devotion almost as much as Bencivenni's sniffing and spitting and the way he whacked the sacred furniture around to show he was inside the community of clerical skirts.

When Rosaria had ceased whispering in the total darkness of the chapel, she shrilled, "Every blessing and good" but omitted the *"Guardatevi"* of which Bencivenni accused her, asserting that she ordered the sacred images to look out for themselves. Then she trotted to the door, locked it on the outside, and gazed out over the sea toward the fishing fleet.

"Blessed Mother," she murmured, and at once she repeated the words, in fear. The lights of the fishing fleet were going out. She began to tremble. She put out her hand and leaned against the chapel wall. The extinguishing of the lights could have only one meaning for her. There was no other enemy of fishermen than the fierce wind that roared suddenly out of the northwest or the south. Soon the wind would come frantically lashing the sea, battering the houses, and flattening down the tree tops in the piazza. The word "blackout" had no meaning for her. Clutching the key, she stumbled over the refuse piles to her hut.

Inside the hut she ran aimlessly from side to side of its one room until her purpose calmed her. Then she set about her duty methodically. The Grisafi made fire on the hearth, and when the smoke had cleared she set a caldron of water over it, scolding herself that she had not prepared soup earlier in the day. Then she laid the table and closed the window in order that the room should be heated to oven warmth. Next the soiled bedding was taken off and flung under the narrow bed and the coffer of sheets and blankets was dragged out.

[*Continued on page* 437]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America After Defense

BY ALDEN STEVENS

II. Our Capacity for Abundance

IN 1934 the Brookings Institution published a book called "America's Capacity to Produce" which examined American industry with some thoroughness and showed that we had a pretty impressive plant—the best in the world—but that it wasn't working at anywhere near full capacity although millions of Americans were badly in need of things it was able to produce. The report dealt with the situation in the twenties, but the plant didn't develop much during the thirties except in a handful of new industries, notably chemicals, and the Brookings report was still a fairly accurate picture of American industry when the war broke out in 1939.

In 1940, however, began a period of the most extensive and most rapid industrial growth known in American history; nearly every phase of production from extraction of raw materials from the earth to the final output of articles wrapped in cellophane was affected. By September 15, 1941, the government, chiefly through the Defense Plant Corporation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, had started new plants and plant expansion to the value of $3,200,000,000. Private industry was engaged on another $900,000,000 worth—2,400 projects in all had been initiated. The control set-up of these varies: some are wholly privately owned; some are owned and operated by the government; some are owned by the government and leased to private operators. Of the government-built and -leased plants, the government will retain title to some, private operators to others.

Before we attempt to make an estimate of America's capacity to produce after the war, let us see what we as a nation are getting for the $4 billion already spent or authorized for new plants. Our 250 plants for explosives and ammunition are costing $750,000,000. For post-war civilian use 95 per cent of these won't be worth a nickel. They will be valuable as preparedness for the next war if they can be packed in sawdust and dusted off later when needed. Explosives and ammunition have changed greatly since 1918, but it is manufacturing formulas and processes that are different, not the plants themselves. Almost the same thing can be said about 153 new gun plants for which we are paying $291,000,000. We shall not need the guns they can produce unless we are fighting or preparing to fight, but the plants ought to be put on ice. Their disposition is a matter for the army and navy to decide; so far as America's peace-time needs are concerned, these plants have little or no usefulness. A smokeless-powder plant is not good for anything except making smokeless powder. Some of the gun and machinery plants could perhaps be converted into factories for other kinds of machinery; this might be wise if we could be certain of never needing new guns.

Much of the money we are investing, however, is enlarging our capacity to produce things which, though not consumers' goods, will be important to future consumers, for they may make possible an eventual improvement in America's standard of living. The OPM announced on July 31 that $410,000,000 was being spent on iron and steel facilities of various kinds—blast furnaces, rolling mills, machinery for making pipe, wire, structural steel, etc., and various other types of fabricating equipment. Steel capacity in the United States, now 86,000,000 tons, will be increased by 1,500,000 tons this year and by more than that amount in 1942. The increase may amount to as much as 15 per cent by 1945 if the war goes on that long. Plant facilities are being improved as well as enlarged, and in time there will be no need to operate any obsolescent equipment. Improved kinds of stainless steel developed for war purposes promise new uses for the material in peace time.

Expansion in aluminum is more impressive than that in steel. Jesse Jones, through the Defense Plant Corporation, is hiring the Aluminum Company of America to build an alumina plant in Arkansas with an annual capacity of 400,000,000 pounds. (Alumina is aluminum oxide and is obtained from bauxite, the principal aluminum ore. Two pounds of alumina are required to make one pound of aluminum.) Under the same contract Alcoa will build for the government three aluminum plants: one at Massena, New York, on the St. Lawrence with a capacity of 150,000,000 pounds, one near Bonneville Dam in Washington with a capacity of 90,000,000 pounds, and one in Arkansas with a capacity of 100,000,000 pounds. The Defense Plant Corporation will lease these plants to Alcoa for five years, taking 85 per cent of the net operating profits during that period, and will own the plants. Construction has been slow to start, and many features of the contract have been severely criticized as good for Alcoa and very bad for the taxpayer. However, we are concerned here only with the fact that eventually aluminum capacity in the United States will be increased by the amount these plants produce. In addition, the Defense Plant Corporation is financing other new plants with a total capacity of 260,000,000 pounds. These will be built and operated by other manu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facturers, principally the Reynolds Metal Company.

The most abundant metal in the earth's crust, aluminum sells in ingot form for 15 cents a pound (in 1935 the price was 23 cents). With production more than doubled and perhaps tripled, with the monopoly broken, at least on paper, and with better stainless steels and magnesium coming in as possible rivals, the price is bound to go down. In some quarters there is talk of *5-cent aluminum after the war.*

Magnesium, a metal about two-thirds as heavy as aluminum, now limited in use by a price considerably higher than that of aluminum, is going to be plentiful after the war. The Dow Chemical Company, which has been selling magnesium as "Dow metal," has two magnesium plants now and will operate one of the new ones being built, but the RFC is wisely preventing it from obtaining a monopoly on magnesium by financing four other firms —Diamond Alkali, Basic Magnesium, Mathieson Alkali, and International Agricultural Corporation—in the construction of plants in Ohio, Nevada, Texas, and Louisiana. When finished, these plants will have a capacity of 334,000,000 pounds of magnesium a year. It is possible, too, that other plants will be constructed, also with Defense Plant Corporation funds. Thus a metal which has never been plentiful enough for complete exploration of its promise will come into its own. The Defense Plant Corporation is financing a million-dollar magnesium foundry to be operated by Bendix Aviation Corporation at South Bend, Indiana.

The sum of $52,425,000 is going into expansion of machine-tool and related facilities, most of it into expansion of existing space and equipment—265 plants are affected. This means that when the war is over, American industry can go as far and as fast as it likes with invention and development.

The list of new projects is long, and most of them need not be considered in detail. Included are 200 new shipways, 4 tank factories, $35,000,000 worth of new facilities for making electrical equipment. Up to the present $885,000,000 has been allotted to 280 factories making aircraft and aircraft engines, parts, and accessories. Other items are petroleum refineries, improvements in transportation facilities, and new mining and metal-smelting equipment. Production of zinc, copper, manganese, tungsten, chromium, and lead will be increased. Some brand-new kinds of plants are also on the list—a tin smelter in Texas, for instance, for Bolivian ore; several synthetic rubber plants built mostly with private funds by Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, and United States Rubber, with others projected by other companies; and $400,000,000 worth of miscellaneous chemical plants, many of them producing plastics.

Power capacity will increase about 50 per cent in the next six years if the Federal Power Commission's estimates of special defense needs are accepted and its recommendations followed. About one-third of this increase will be in hydroelectric power. Construction of extensive and long-needed power grids in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast is regarded as assured. At present about 15 per cent of developed power is used in homes; after the war this proportion should rise. The Rural Electrification Administration cooperatives will carry power to farms, and at the same time, let us hope, the new factories will be turning out labor-saving electrical devices.

The needs of defense have not only given America all these new plant facilities but have increased its productive capacity in other ways. Large orders have already enabled the aircraft industry to go on an assembly-line basis. The prefabricated-housing industry is doing the same thing, and already has a capacity of more than 25,000 houses a year, which will probably be doubled by 1943. Under new Department of Agriculture plans small Southern farmers will get help in raising more vegetables and feed crops with which to raise hogs and cows. The demand for more farm machinery created by the trek of farm workers to higher-paid defense jobs will tend to increase the productiveness of American agriculture, already the highest per capita in the world.

The government's training programs—the National Youth Administration, the Civilian Conservation Corps, the Work Projects Administration, the Civil Aeronautics Administration—are giving new skills to more than a million Americans, and training programs sponsored by industry are adding their share to this number. All these new trained workers, more than we ever had before, will be needed to run the defense plants; after the war they will still be needed if the plants are changed over to peace-time production and not merely abandoned.

Our synthetic chemical plants will insure a vast supply of rubber and nylon and rayon and multifarious plastic materials the uses of which are only beginning to be imagined. The steel and aluminum and magnesium plants will be able to produce all the metal we shall need for bathtubs and cooking utensils and kitchen sinks and automobiles and tractors and hay-balers. The new airplane factories will fill the air with fast, safe transport planes—enough to take Americans and their goods anywhere. Our farms will have machinery enough to produce the nourishing food that is now beyond the reach of so many Americans. The firetraps of our great cities' slums can be torn down and replaced with decent houses; the shacks of the Negro share-croppers can be exchanged for neat bungalows that arrive on freight cars and are set up in two days.

When the war is over we are going to have a superb industrial plant to make the things we need. There will be plenty of trained men and women to operate it. There will be plenty of Americans who need what it produces. Three-fourths of America's farm homes, for example, do not have plumbing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The plant will be privately owned for the most part, but the government, through the Federal Loan Agency, will have a far larger share in it than it has ever had before. Thus government and industry must collaborate on the job of changing over to production of civilian goods after the war and of keeping up production. The more use a plant makes of modern mass-production methods, the greater must be its outlay on equipment and the tooling-up process. To get the full benefit of its machinery, the plant must be operated at close to capacity. This fact places upon industry and government the joint responsibility to sell capacity production, which can be done only if Americans have plenty of purchasing power. And purchasing power depends on two things—jobs for all and prices within reach. If one of these is lacking, the machine slows down. Firm price-control measures may therefore be absolutely essential after the war. When the steel industry put in automatic rolling mills it cut costs but not prices, creating unemployment and not expanding its market. Now the American plant as a whole is cutting costs through modernization brought in to meet defense needs. Will prices go down to match costs after the war is over?

The first purpose of the defense program is to protect America now, but America's future needs protection, too.

[*The first article of this series was printed in the issue of October 18; the third will appear next week.*]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Badges and Bonuses

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY KNOX recently announced details of a contest designed to stimulate productivity in the many shipyards working on the present huge naval and mercantile-marine building programs. A special board is to rate each shipyard "on its overall efficiency" every three months, and the winners will have the privilege of flying a special pennant indicating their top ranking. Each man in a winning yard will also be given special insignia.

Similar methods of stimulating output were widely resorted to at one time in Soviet Russia. In the early days, when revolutionary ardor was still red-hot, this "socialist competition" as it was called had a certain measure of success, but in recent years Russian industry has relied more on individual incentives for workers of a kind normal in a capitalist economy. It would not be surprising, therefore, if somewhat more material rewards than badges and honors proved necessary in this country in order to obtain from employers and employees alike that extra effort and efficiency that are essential if the defense program is to be completed on time.

This problem of incentives is very much in the minds of our business men during the present crisis, but they are extremely shy about talking out loud about it. There is such universal moral condemnation of war profits that no business man dares admit that he would dirty his hands with them. Yet at the same time there is widespread complaint against extraction by the Treasury of a large percentage of excess profits earned. How can the government expect, the financial press asks, the whole-hearted cooperation of industry if it whittles down the rewards of private enterprise in this manner? In this connection it is pointed out that the first thirty-three industrial companies to issue statements for the nine months ending September 30 show an increase in operating profits of 83.4 per cent over the same period of 1940, but an increase in net after taxes of only 10.3 per cent. Considering that 1940 was an exceptionally profitable year, it might be thought that these results were something less than ruinous. But presumably the additional effort involved in raising the gross by 80 per cent is regarded as inadequately rewarded by a mere 10 per cent addition to net.

This debate is not confined to America, and in England it has recently came out into the open as the result of an article in the *Financial News*. The contention of that journal is that although war production in Britain is reaching new levels it cannot be stepped up to the extent necessary to beat Hitler unless producers are offered increased material incentives. Business men, it is said, can earn too easily the profits they are allowed to retain; they must therefore be offered greater inducements to make the greater effort required for a new acceleration of output. A reduction in the excess-profits tax to 60 or 70 per cent and an increase in depreciation allowances would, it is suggested, do the trick. At the same time, the *Financial News* points out, wages in some of the most vital war industries are relatively unattractive; they must be raised in order to spur the energies of the workers engaged in them and to bring in recruits.

Such measures would accentuate the inflationary trend already apparent in Britain, and recognizing this fact, their advocates propose to accompany them with tightened controls over physical consumption. The payment of dividends, it is said, should again be restricted and the rationing of consumers' goods greatly extended, with the objective of giving more to active war workers and less to the remainder of the community.

Commenting on these proposals, the London *Economist* points out that with supplies barely enough to go round as it is, there is little room for differential rationing. Essentially, it continues, the plan of the *Financial News* is "to pay for an increased war effort by the distribution of I.O.U.'s. To the cynically minded it may seem a strange realism that offers baits that will be undesirable and dangerous if they are translated into real terms—whether it is now, during the war, or after—and meaningless if they are not." The *Economist* admits, however, that the proponents of greater incentives have some logic on their side. In a country striving to divert the maximum amount of its resources to the war effort there are practical economic arguments for a policy of allowing war industries to make greater profits than non-essential trades and of paying higher wages to workers engaged in war production than to those following normal pursuits; that is, unless the required transfer of labor and capital is secured, as in Germany, purely by fiat.

If we admit this line of reasoning, it surely follows that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desired end cannot be reached through an indiscriminate relaxation of profit and wage controls. That would merely serve to stimulate the essential and non-essential industries alike. What is needed is a system of rewards applicable only to those groups which make a direct contribution to war production. This, I think, rules out investors as a class, for in neither Britain nor America are they providing new "risk" capital for the purpose of extending war industries. In this country some three-quarters of the new defense plants are being financed by the government, and even in those cases where the job is being done by private capital it is usually with the benefit of some form or another of government guaranty. It can be argued of course that private investors would be more willing to take risks in providing capital if the rewards offered were greater, but it is difficult to see how this could be effected without at the same time encouraging new investment in undesirable directions.

The groups really called upon to work harder, think more intensively, and sacrifice more leisure if output is to grow rapidly are the men at the bench, the technicians and research workers, and the managers of industry. Hence there is much to be said for energizing these factors in production by a judicious distribution of special prizes. As a practical proposition the provision of such awards ought to be directly related to actual performance. If the X tank factory scheduled to produce twenty units daily in six months attains this figure in only five, all employed there deserve a bonus.

Another kind of achievement which should be recognized by special awards is progress in cutting costs. Many defense contracts have been let on a cost-plus-fixed-fee basis, and while this does not directly encourage cost inflation as did the old cost-plus contracts, neither does it stimulate economy. In such cases, therefore, it would be well worth while to offer to managers substantial bonuses scaled according to their efficiency in reducing unit costs of production. That policy would tend to strengthen the regard of managers for the national interests even when these conflict with the interests of stockholders. Ideally, of course, such appeals to self-interest ought not to be necessary in a time of national crisis, and, indeed, many men in all ranks of industry can be counted on to do their utmost without them. Nevertheless, it would be wise to recognize that, as an incentive, patriotism is not always enough.

In the Wind

ACCORDING TO *Inside Germany Reports,* the Nazis are breaking up many of Germany's oldest convents and monasteries. At the Birkenweder Convent in Berlin, nuns were told that they would have to give up their "unproductive existence" and go to work. Monks of the Rothenburg Monastery in Görlitz, Silesia, were removed from their cells and loaded into trucks to be taken to an unknown destination. When they asked what it all meant, they were told: "Now you'd better get married and go to work."

A STATEMENT will shortly be released by a prominent American who has just returned from Europe contradicting several of Herbert Hoover's statements on his food plan and quoting the leaders of the Belgian government-in-exile as being opposed to the scheme.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE'S MOBILIZATION, which until June 22 was the American Peace Mobilization, has tried to affiliate with the Fight for Freedom Committee. The application was rejected.

GEORGE U. HARVEY, Borough President of Queens, is fighting for reelection with the slogan: "First for America, First for Queens, First against Communism." His Democratic opponent has adopted the same slogan and added "First for the Taxpayer." Speaking for the Harvey campaign recently, Father Edward Lodge Curran, Christian Front leader, said: "As long as there is a Martin Dies in the Southwest and a George U. Harvey in the Northeast, no one need worry about the future of America."

GEORGE S. COUNTS, president of the American Federation of Teachers and a candidate for the New York City Council, may not get his name on the ballot. His nominating petitions are being challenged by the pro-Communist faction of the American Labor Party. Counts's campaign manager was approached by left-wing A. L. P. representatives and told that unless Counts agreed not to criticize their faction, his nomination would be contested. Neither Counts nor his manager agreed, and the challenge has been made.

BOAKE CARTER, who was announced as a principal speaker at the Grand Rapids convention of the semi-fascist Anglo-Saxon Federation convention, did not appear. W. J. Cameron, Ford public-relations expert, spoke in place of Carter.

A WAR DEPARTMENT employee has walked past the guards for three weeks with a picture of Adolf Hitler substituted for his own on his identification badge.

PRESS NOTES: *Scoop,* the successor to *Friday* as an effort to combine left-wing propaganda with sensational journalism, has closed shop. . . . So has the *Beacon,* an isolationist weekly published by J. D. Holtzerman, a Minneapolis business man.

IT IS REPORTED that one faction within America First wants to disband the committee, feeling that the cause is lost and that surrender now is better than a death-bed conversion. Bishop Henry W. Hobson's recent letter recommending dissolution of America First was directed at this group.

THE TRADE PAPER of newspaper executives, *Editor and Publisher,* which has rarely been known to criticize advertising, recently carried a sharp comment on the copy placed by the interventionist committees. Complaining against the use of emotional appeals, it said: "It is one thing to be shrill about a box of soap; it is another thing to be shrill about selling human lives."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Birth Control and Democracy

CHARITY may still begin at home. But public concern with all causes now seems in direct proportion to the relationship of the causes to foreign affairs and foreign things. I doubt, for instance, that the Massachusetts Mothers' Health Council is going to be able to stir much interest in its fight for birth control while most of the world is concerned with death control. The twenty-fifth anniversary of Margaret Sanger's first trip to jail for conducting a birth-control clinic is not a date important on many peoples' calendars at present. But at a time when the world talks about democracy, there can hardly be anywhere a more comic commentary on democracy than the birth-control situation in the old Bay State and its neighbor Connecticut—two states, advanced in all the techniques of our civilization, where a doctor is a criminal if he tells a patient how not to have a baby even if having one might injure her health or jeopardize her life.

The situation does not look funny to the clerics—largely Roman Catholic—who want to keep the laws or to the ladies and gentlemen who want to change them. One side is confident that it is doing the Lord's work at the Lord's direction, and the other is equally confident that it is serving the best interests of mankind. I'm on the side of the latter. But the interesting thing to me is the exhibition of the distance between law and practice in these two states, which certainly do not consider themselves backward in the traditions of self-government. The people, presumably, have at least as much to do with making the laws in Massachusetts and Connecticut as they have in North Carolina and Kansas. But in these two New England states the people have made birth control more criminal than it is in any other state, though they lead all other states—except one—in practicing it.

If this proves anything, it is that democracy is a system under which the people can make the law most rigid in the very places where they disregard it the most. Stated otherwise: when the people govern themselves, they have no hesitation in adopting rules they have no intention of obeying. That may not be a general rule, but if Connecticut and Massachusetts are acceptable examples of American democracy, it is the rule that they have adopted and that they cling to and apparently adore. And I think that's funny. It has been ten years or more since most of the backward states of the South refused to follow Tennessee in adopting the anti-evolution law which was dramatized in the famous monkey trial at Dayton. But the home of Harvard still pretends that birth-control information is illegal in Massachusetts, though contraceptives are for sale at practically every drugstore in Boston, and the Massachusetts birth rate keeps going down.

The Massachusetts Mothers' Health Council, a name recently adopted as less frightening to timid legislators than one containing the naked words "birth control" would be, has been seeking to get the law changed in order to help child-burdened as well as child-bearing mothers and families. Leading doctors, scientists, and citizens have indorsed their efforts. What they want to do needs to be done. And in this year of high talk about democracy the law needs to be changed not merely for the sake of mothers' health but in order to make democracy itself look a little less crazy in Massachusetts.

Everybody knows that nobody except a few cops at a few clinics (now shut) and some clerical and lay zealots before legislative committees and in the General Court has paid any attention to the law. Doctors in every town in Massachusetts and Connecticut go every day casually about the business of being criminal in this regard. In Massachusetts the birth rate dropped to 13.8 per 1,000 of population in the same year that the birth rate was 22.9 in North Carolina, where birth-control clinics were operated by the state—largely at the expense, incidentally, of a rich doctor from Massachusetts. The comparison between the law and the vital statistics make a joke on the zealots which it seems strange that they should wish to maintain.

Of course, the whole business is not funny. Those who are denied by the law are those lost in poverty and ignorance in Massachusetts and Connecticut. It hits nobody else. It interferes with nobody else. Like Tennessee's monkey bill, it is a law to intrench ignorance, but unlike Tennessee's bill, it is also a law to punish the ignorant for being ignorant and the poor for being poor. It makes a hypocritical joke out of self-government, but in itself it is something which is not funny and not pretty—an ugly parody on a free people in states which are among the richest in the country and sometimes think themselves the wisest. In the struggle for freedom more things than planes and bullets need to be considered in this Bible belt which runs from Greenwich to Boston and insists on ignorance by law.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"So Bright an Andalusian"

FROM LORCA'S THEATRE. Five Plays. Translated by Richard L. O'Connell and James Graham L. With a Foreword by Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HERE are five plays from Lorca's theater: a violent farce in two acts; an erotic allelujah in four scenes; a legend of our times in three acts and five scenes; a tragic poem in three acts and six scenes; a poem of 1900 Granada, divided into various gardens, with scenes of song and dance. So we have variety and excitement; and if we are confused by the arrangement, perhaps matters can be straightened out later, for the editors promise—or is it hope?—to present another volume later on. The sober company of scholars has not yet begun to work over Lorca; there will in time be plenty for them to do, and they can make themselves very useful, though Lorca can never be entirely taken from the happy amateurs. Nor, I think, would he want to be; he was no dilettante, but he enjoyed his fun and play.

Lorca's peculiar chiaroscuro is helpful to translators: his obscurity lends them excuses, and his brilliance both energy and light. Messrs. O'Connell and Graham present the prose portions of the plays with immediacy and ease; in their translations of the lyrics they are more uneven, sometimes hitting things off with remarkable grace, at other times regressing into a poetic lingo that is a little distressing with its inversions, awkward word order, rhyme-hunting, and *ripio*-fetching. The editors have also contributed a double introduction, two essays, one of notes on the playwright, the other on the dramatic values in his plays; of these the first is much more readable than the second, which is dismaying in its effect of choppiness, and both suffer by comparison with Stark Young's introductory foreword, which sets off expert writing against that which is merely well-intentioned.

The plays are presented in an order—or a disorder—which illustrates Lorca's range rather than his progress. The editors do not date them very clearly, and there is no authoritative bibliography to help us; from what I have been able to gather from various desultory researches, "The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife" was first presented in 1930, "The Love of Don Perlimplin" in 1933; "If Five Years Pass" (is this exactly right, by the way, for *"Así que pasen"?*) was written before 1931; "Yerma" had not been published by 1934; "Doña Rosita, the Spinster" appeared in print around 1935. Thus the order of the plays as presented in this book swings back and forth. Well, perhaps after we have a second volume, with "The Butterfly's Evildoing" (1920), "Mariana Pineda" (1927), "The Puppets of Cahchiporra" (1931), "Little Portrait of Don Cristóbal" (1931), "Blood Wedding" (1933), "The Public" (?), "The Dreams of My Cousin Aurelia" (?), and "Bernarda Alba's House"—perhaps, after that, the public will insist on a complete collection, with the work arranged according to strict chronology, and with the three plays of the trilogy brought together.

Concerning this trilogy, a note in Lorca's correspondence, I forget just where, indicated that he was trying to progress from exuberance toward austerity; how far he might have succeeded is another question. He was versed in Greek drama as well as in his native tradition: one wonders what he might have thought of the contemporary Irish theater, whose language, making due allowance for the difference of moisture in the air, was somewhat cousin to his own. Yeats was in Spain more than once, I think, but I know of no record to show that their paths ever crossed. Lorca would have enjoyed the hard Irish, I think, and admired both their folksiness and their preciosity. He was not lachrymose; he knew better than to break up his lines to weep; unlike many writers who identify themselves with the emotional states of women, he never invested himself with melancholy. He knew, as perhaps Unamuno did not, that for the tragic sense of life gaiety was no accident but essential. He knew that if the play was tragic it was play still—"gaiety transforming all that dread." It is good to have, in this first collection of his dramas, these specimens of his friendly invention, his rashness, his fun, and always his brilliance, a kind of light vanished from our literature, if it ever shone there. Even the formal silk hat, in which he comes on to address the audience in the author's prologue to "The Prodigious Shoemaker's Wife," reminding them that the poet does not demand benevolence but attention—even this tall silk hat is a symbol of his profusion: when he takes it off, it becomes illuminated with a green light from within. He tips it over and a gush of water falls from it. He seems embarrassed and retires; but he did not really need to beg our pardon.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Role of Reason

NEW LIBERTIES FOR OLD. By Carl Becker. Yale University Press. $2.

PROFESSOR BECKER is not only an able historian but one of the most urbane and lucid essayists of our day. In this volume he gives us a series of essays previously published in journals. It is a testimony to the author's wisdom that while some of them are a little "dated," they are never completely so, for his historical perspective is too broad to allow him to succumb to the mood of a period without reservations. One essay in the volume, for instance, entitled Loving Peace and Waging War, was obviously written in the period when everyone was busy proving war to be futile, and so does Professor Becker. Yet he anticipates the lessons of the present day by a qualification of his general thesis.

> When one country resorts to force of arms to decide a dispute with another, that other cannot be expected to demonstrate the futility of war in general by refusing to defend its rights or its existence in a particular situation. . . . It must decide whether war or submission is the lesser evil, and war may very well be the lesser evil for it, however great an evil it proves to be for all in the end.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only criticism which can be made of this wise reservation is that, if sufficiently pressed, it may invalidate rather than qualify his thesis.

Perhaps the most interesting note in the essays and the one which recurs most often is the author's analysis of the role of reason in social and political life. An authority on the eighteenth century, he is consistently critical of the Enlightenment's too easy confidence in reason as an arbitrator of all social disputes and in the progress of reason as a guarantor of social progress. He sees the fallacy of regarding reason in man "as a bit of universal intelligence placed within each individual man to make manifest to him the universal reason implicit in things and events." As astute historian he sees how easily "rational" arguments become mere rationalizations of what passion and interest prompt; how, for instance, jurists and philosophers can, and always do, follow in the wake of the action of statesmen to prove that the action is in conformity with some "natural law."

The recognition of this aspect of human history provokes a gentle cynicism but no capitulation to anti-intellectualism or relativism. Professor Becker continues to resist the "fallacy of supposing that because truth is in some sense relative, it cannot be distinguished from error," and even though he is forced to "abandon the cosmological temple in which democratic ideology was originally enshrined," he does not lose faith in democracy as a system which seeks "rational and human values as ends" and tries to realize them with a "minimum of coercion and maximum of voluntary consent."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

The Indispensable Century

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. By Basil Willey. Columbia University Press. $3.25.

ALL past times are "inadequate," and the particular inadequacy of the eighteenth century surely lies in what Mr. Willey calls its "steady decline . . . in the tragic sense of life." The light of Newton's fiat had dispelled the theological night, and the educated classes lived in conscious pleasure at the new day, prizing cheerfulness above all things, enjoying, as Mr. Willey says, "almost the nearest approach to earthly felicity ever known to man." Shaftesbury, enumerating the intellectual virtues, set "Good-Humour" and "Raillery" beside "Common-Sense" and the "Free Play of the Mind" and gave the reason for the new emotional tone: "'Tis the persecuting spirit has raised the bantering one."

The victories of Reason over mystery were great, but none so great as the victory over the problem of evil. The doctrine of "Nature," that dominating idea of the age, was framed to demonstrate the goodness and propriety of the universe. The discordant elements of life had been attributed by Christianity to the devil; it was a crude way, yet still a way, of taking cognizance of evil; but the eighteenth century, in ridding itself of the supernatural, banished Satan, as Mr. Willey says, more harshly than it banished God; it explained that discordant elements were not really discordant at all or not really in Nature at all. In the Nature of "Cosmic Toryism" (Soame Jenyns, Shaftesbury, Pope) what seemed to be evils were shown by Reason to be necessary in the cosmic

FORECASTING

The NOVEMBER Issue *of*

FREE WORLD

OUT THIS WEEK

ERNEST BEVIN, "Not by Words Alone."

SENATOR TOM CONNALLY, "We Shall Not Succumb."

ROUND TABLE No. 2 . . . What About Germany After the War? "There is not one group among the German people that can offer any reliable guaranty to the rest of the world that what has happened since the last war will not be repeated. A British or American governor stationed in Berlin for a period of twenty years is the only solution." This is Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster's plan.

Others taking part in this discussion are: Max Brauer, Sir Norman Angell, Major Wheeler-Nicholson, Count Carlo Sforza, Emil J. Gumbel, Stefan de Ropp, Milos Safranek, Thomas Reveille, Dr. Max Immanuel, Louis Dolivet, Dr. George Shuster, Dr. Werner Thormann.

GRAVE WARNINGS addressed to the American people by prominent Latin American leaders about the need of more effective collaboration between this country and the other members of the Pan-American Union.

ARTICLES by J. Alvarez del Vayo, Dietrich von Hildebrand, Karin Michaelis, Henri Focillon, Michael Straight, Ernesto Galarza, Carlo a Prato, Wou Saofong, and others.

Reserve Your Copy Now

THE NATION • 55 Fifth Ave. • N. Y. C.

☐ I wish to take advantage of your special combination offer which includes the renewal of my subscription to The Nation for 52 weeks and a 1-year subscription to Free World (12 issues). I inclose my check for $7.00.

☐ I wish to become a charter subscriber to Free World. Please enter my subscription for one year (12 issues) for which I inclose my check for $2.50.

Name.....

Address.....

IMPORTANT: Make all checks payable to The Nation. Additional Postage Charges: Free World-Nation Combination: Canada, $2.00; Foreign, $3.00. Independent Free World Subscription: Canada, $1.00; Foreign, $2.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scheme and, since necessary, not evil. In the libertarian view which passed into the modern revolutionary tradition (Holbach, Priestley, Godwin), Nature was conceived as considerably more efficient; in this view the cause of human suffering was held to be the corruption of man or of certain classes of men. Just how man as part of a perfect Nature came to be corrupt was never explained, though a transmuted vestige of Christianity ascribed his degeneration to the dominance of his emotions, desires, and habits, which a properly cultivated Reason might soon subdue.

Amid all this depressing cheerfulness a few figures stand in relieving darkness. For us Swift, Dr. Johnson, Bishop Butler, and Burke, with their awareness of misery, mystery, and complexity, their stubborn sense of the tragic, are likely to be the attractive personalities of the age. We are of course repelled by the moral callousness of the Tory philosophers who conceived a Nature which was the apology for the status quo. But we are also dejected by the libertarian philosophers with their solemn confidence in Perfectibility by Reason. ("As the world advances in civilization," Priestley wrote, ". . . war becomes less distressing to peaceable individuals who do not bear arms.")

Yet though the naive sanguineness of their hope must irritate us, the hope itself continues to be ours. As Mr. Willey says, the eighteenth century is the *indispensable* century; we cannot conceive ourselves without it; the philosophical assumptions of no other time are so much taken for granted, so unconsciously embodied in our thought. The great work of succeeding times has been the correction and augmentation of its ideas.

Mr. Willey's present volume is the sequel to his "The Seventeenth Century Background," and it is quite as admirable as its predecessor. Like the earlier volume, it ends with an illuminating chapter on Wordsworth, for the two works are to be taken together as a preface to the study of romanticism. And like the earlier volume, it is scholarly, lucid, and perceptive, one of the best intellectual histories available.

LIONEL TRILLING

Napoleon and Hitler

NAPOLEON SPEAKS. By Albert Carr. The Viking Press. $3.

NO HISTORIAN would dare to boast of his full command of the vast literature instigated by Napoleon's fascinating personality. It would be still more daring to pretend that hitherto unknown facts or a new point of view warranted one more book on the subject. Poets like Heine and Victor Hugo deified Napoleon's memory; legends arose making a myth of his existence; sociologists branded him a belated representative of the Vandalic epoch. Mr. Carr is no historian, but his careful study of numerous biographies and in particular of Napoleon's correspondence has enabled him to write a lively, readable volume *in usum delphini Americani.* That Mr. Carr examined "at least 40,000" of the emperor's letters, of which he includes more than 480 to make "Napoleon speak," matters less than the parallel to which the author himself points and which made him write a book of contemporary interest.

"A Napoleon and a Hitler may be poles apart in terms of individual psychology," Mr. Carr admits; ". . . nevertheless, . . . by understanding Napoleon one comes close to the inwardness of all dictatorship." This appears to be a dangerous doctrine, for the author himself emphasizes that personality and circumstances combined to give birth to the "historical figure." It is easy enough to find analogies in the careers of the two dictators. Both were corporals; Napoleon started as an unsuccessful author, Hitler as an unsuccessful landscape painter; both were neurotics; both were imprisoned—and probably a good many people hope that the Moscow winter will start Hitler's downfall as it did Napoleon's. There are, however, dissimilarities which are more momentous than the apparent resemblance. First of all, Napoleon's personality expressed not merely "the glorification of naked power and . . . fundamental contempt for democratic idealism." Anatole France in a delightful story reports a conversation Napoleon had with his fellow-officers on board La Muiron when he suddenly returned from Egypt. "France," he is supposed to have said, "would never submit to a military dictator. Frenchmen are much too *spirituel.* They can be led only by someone who is intellectually minded." And then after a while he remarked casually, *"Je suis membre de l'Institut."* No matter whether it is true or not, this story could not be told of Hitler even after 100 years. Perhaps the remark recorded in the Memorial of St. Helena that "in the long run the spirit is always victorious over the sword," was an afterthought, but the fact remains that the Napoleonic codification of the law of the "new order," in which the emperor took an active personal part, is still more or less the law of the European continent, preserving for a better future the achievements of the French Revolution. Even Mr. Carr recognizes that Napoleon "pushed education somewhat ahead of its position under the monarchy." To understand Napoleon's ingeniousness is not to idealize dictatorship, but neither does it bring us close to Hitler's "inwardness." This "inwardness" is but a megalomaniac overcompensation for the inferiority complex from which the German middle class suffers; it certainly has no relation to the feeling of national preeminence which all Frenchmen simply take for granted.

Apart from personal qualities, the parallel does not fit into the events. Napoleon's dictatorship terminated the French Revolution by confirming its essential achievements and carrying them, in the wake of his armies, all over Europe. No dictatorship is democratic, but Napoleon's was certainly more democratic, at any rate more popular, than the *ancien régime* which preceded and the Holy Alliance which followed it. Hitler's dictatorship is not the result but the starting-point of victorious conquests, not the end but the inauguration of a revolution. And it is doubtful whether Hitler is "a bulwark of private property" as Mr. Carr and some appeasers seem to believe. In appearance dictators may be similar, but this similarity offers no "clues" to contemporary problems. Dictators can no more be pigeonholed than elected leaders of democracies. To stress the similarities is to obliterate the differences, and to explain current events by these similarities is as misleading as to interpret the past in terms of our day. All this, however, does not diminish the value of Mr. Carr's book as a vivid, colorful, and dramatic account of a lustrous personality.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lull Before Death

THE FORT. By Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A HALF-DOZEN French and English officers hiding in the cellar of a French farmhouse, beyond which the German juggernaut of 1940 has rolled on toward Paris, talking about war and peace, killing a German soldier who falls into their hands, finally being killed themselves: this almost eventless scenario constitutes the entire plot of Miss Jameson's "The Fort." The people in this little story of less than 150 pages, which reads like a novelized "Journey's End," do not say anything joltingly new or heroic or obscene or clever, but what they tell each other they say with a crisp directness nourished by the anger or determination or bitterness that moves each of them during this crucial but ironically quiet interlude. In their attitudes toward the catastrophe that faces France they stand out curiously like silhouettes against the lurid background of total war, as if the complexities of their private, individual lives had been blacked out, leaving only the outlines of various types of Men Fighting: the French, with their neurotic, half-concealed pessimism and their fatal quarrels among themselves; the British, more fearful of melodrama than of death, warming to each other most when all hope has vanished; the one German, who by the way is the least convincing of the lot, with his catchwords and Hitlerolatry but apparently not enough brains to fulfil his own professed ruthlessness.

Thanks to Miss Jameson's restraint, "The Fort" has the clean-cut unity of a one-act play; you read it not so much to find out what is going to happen to these men, because that is virtually predetermined, but to see how they behave while waiting, and to compare their talk with what you imagine to be the conversation of men who know they are trapped but will not admit it.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

A Selected List of Children's Books

BY LENA BARKSDALE

PICTURE BOOKS

Find the Animals. By Dorothy King. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50. This unique wild-animal round-up is a clever trick book in which the child performs the trick and so completes an amusing story.

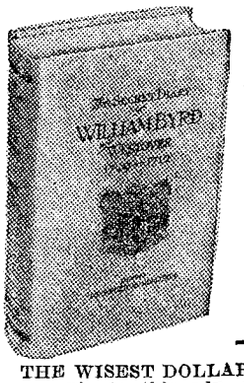
Pete and Peter. By Charlotte Steiner. Doubleday, Doran. $1. Pete, a dog, and Peter, his very young master, become stout hunters with a toy gun. Gay pictures.

Saturday Walk. By Ethel Wright. Illustrations by Richard Rose. Scott. $1. Simple story with large clear pictures of a train, a fire engine, and other familiar objects, printed on boards.

Please. By Edith Flack Ackley. Illustrations by Telka Ackley. Stokes. 75 cents. A little girl's first lesson in good manners. Dainty and appealing.

Curious George. By H. A. Rey. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75. George, the monkey, had a large bump of curiosity which led him into strange predicaments.

Make Way for Ducklings. By Robert McCloskey. Viking.



There is no other book in American literature like

The SECRET DIARY OF WILLIAM BYRD

Of Westover—1709-1712

Decoded and Edited by

LOUIS WRIGHT & MARION TINLING

UNEXPURGATED!

622 PAGES PRICE: $5.00

THE WISEST DOLLAR YOU EVER SPENT is the $1.00 that you pin to this adv. and mail for a special introductory six-months' subscription to THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. The South's oldest and most famous literary monthly. **THE DIETZ PRESS, 109 E. Cary St., Richmond, Va.**

PREMIER

WINSTON CHURCHILL

ON

THE PROTECTION OF PRIVATE CAPITAL AS A FEATURE OF ECONOMIC JUSTICE

A pamphlet, edited by Louis Wallis, dealing with Churchill's speeches on the transfer of taxation from productive capital to ground rent and speculatively held vacant land. Puts emphasis on "War Damages Bill," prohibiting land speculation in bombed areas.

Send 3-cent stamp for postage on FREE COPY of Churchill pamphlet

The Henry George School of Social Science

30 East 29th Street, New York City, N. Y.

You may buy

BOOKS

through The Nation

At the request of many readers who reside in communities in which no bookshop has been established, *The Nation* offers to deliver any book to your door at the regular publisher's price (postfree) provided payment is received with the order or publisher's price plus postage if sent C.O.D.

Please address your orders to

The Readers' Service Division

The Nation • 55 Fifth Avenue • New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$2. Amusing story in which stray ducklings are carefully protected by the Boston police.

The Whosit Book. By Anne Heyneman. Scribner's. $1.50. Funny nonsense story about the Whosits, who have hands like mittens. Colorful pictures.

Amanda. By Wolo. Morrow. $2. The astonishing adventures of an obliging polka-dot snake.

Nothing at All. By Wanda Gag. Coward-McCann. $1.50. This fantastic story of a dog has humor and suspense and many pictures in color.

Snow Before Christmas. By Tasha Tudor. Oxford. $1. A happy family celebrates Christmas, with snow outside and bright fires within. Lovely pictures.

Leif the Lucky. By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday, Doran. $2. The Vikings come to America. The colorful action pictures have humor and fine imagination.

TALES OF FACT AND FANCY

An American A B C. By Maud and Miska Petersham. Macmillan. $2. No flag-waving, but genuine inspiration, beauty, and well-chosen information.

Elin's Amerika. By Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday, Doran. $2. Seventeenth-century story of Swedish settlers on the banks of the Delaware, with lovely pictures.

Paddle-to-the-Sea. By Holling C. Holling. Houghton Mifflin. $2. A new kind of travel-adventure story, through the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence to the sea. Colorful pictures.

Wings Around South America. By Alice Dalgliesh. Illustrations by Katherine Milhous. Scribner's. $2.50. A personally conducted tour of South American countries by plane.

The Three Sneezes. By Roger Duvoisin. Knopf. $2. A rare collection of Swiss folk tales. Amusing pictures.

There Was a Horse. Selected by Phyllis R. Fenner. Illustrations by Henry Pitz. Knopf. $2. Folk tales of fine horses who had magic power.

Nathaniel's Witch. By Katharine Gibson. Illustrations by Vera Bock. Longmans, Green. $2. A gay and colorful story of magic in old New England.

Paul Bunyan. By Esther Shephard. Illustrations by Rockwell Kent. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. An excellent version with handsome pictures.

Panchita: A Little Girl of Guatemala. By Della Goertz. Illustrations by Charlotte Anna Chase. Harcourt, Brace. $2. Friendly story of a little girl, rich in incidents of native life.

Susannah, the Pioneer Cow. By Miriam Mason. Illustrations by the Petershams. Macmillan. $1. A book in large type for easy reading, with humor and real story interest.

Bushytail. By Alice Gall and Fleming Crew. Illustrations by Else Bostelmann. Oxford. $2. The hazards of life as experienced by a young and active chipmunk.

How Things Work. By George Russell Harrison. Morrow. $2.75. A clear and simple explanation of many scientific facts.

Stars to Steer by. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt. Brace. $2.50. A gallant attempt to help young readers find the particular kind of poetry to which they, individually, can respond. Many selections.

FOR TEN-TO-TWELVE-YEAR-OLDS

The Little Town on the Prairie. By Laura Ingalls Wilder. Harper. $2. Delightful family story of everyday life in a Western frontier town in the eighties.

The Least One. By Ruth Sawyer. Viking. $2. This story of a little Mexican boy who loved a small gray burro has charm and distinction.

The Wrath of Moto. By Attilio Gatti. Scribner's. $2.50. Graphic story of the eruption of a volcano in Africa which demonstrated the bravery and resourcefulness of a young pigmy.

A Tree for Peter. By Kate Seredy. Viking. $2. How a lame boy planted a garden which transformed his town.

Left Till Called for. By Mary Treadgold. Doubleday, Doran. $2. Two English children stranded on an island taken by the Nazis have exciting adventures before they are rescued.

Sixpence for Luck. By Louise Hall Tharp. Crowell. $2. Interesting story of a New England sea captain's lively family.

David Farragut, Midshipman. By R. N. Chavanne. Coward-McCann. $2. Fictionized story of Farragut, who fought in the War of 1812 at the age of thirteen.

The Saturdays. By Elizabeth Enright. Farrar and Rinehart. $2. Spontaneous story of a large, lively family with original ideas.

Mystery at Penmarth. By Ruth Manning-Saunders. McBride. $2. Five determined children solve a spooky mystery connected with an old house in Cornwall, England.

You Can't Give Children Too Many Good

+ BOOKS +

Once youngsters discover the excitement of reading they devour books by the dozen. They read whatever is at hand. It's up to you to see that the books at hand are good ones. Today there are more good books for children of all ages than ever before. Have your bookseller show them to you.

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION

Members Everywhere

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coat for a Soldier. By Florence Maule Updegraff. Harcourt, Brace. $2. Tells how Massachusetts girls worked for the soldiers in Revolutionary days.

Indian Captive. By Lois Lensky. Stokes. $2. True story of Mary Jemison, the "White Woman of the Genesee" famous in Colonial history.

Down Ryton Water. By E. R. Gaggin. Viking. $2. The progress of a Pilgrim family from England to Holland and thence to Plymouth. A delightful family story with atmosphere and charm.

FOR THE TEEN AGE

George Washington's World. By Genevieve Foster. Scribner's. $2.75. A panorama of world history during the span of George Washington's life. Brief, entertaining, and informative.

Vanished Island. By Cornelia Meigs. Macmillan. $2. Excellent story of steamboat days on the Mississippi.

Young Shannon. By Grace Voris Curl. Harper. $2. Spirited story of young George Shannon on the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Western Star. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Longmans, Green. $2. Heroic days in the West when Jim Bridges explored the Rockies and defied the Indians.

Pilot of the High Andes. By Frederick Nelson Litten. Dodd, Mead. $2. Aviators meet with disaster in South America and become involved with mountain bandits.

Blueberry Island. By Stephen W. Meader. Harcourt, Brace. $2. Two modern country boys start an interesting business venture.

Out of Provincetown. By Rosalys Hall. Farrar and Rinehart. $2. Salty story of young natives of Provincetown.

Lost Worlds. By Anne Terry White. Random House. $2.50. Compelling story of the splendors of ancient times revealed by the work of archaeologists on four continents.

He Wouldn't Be King. By Nina Brown Baker. Vanguard. $2.50. This fictionized biography of Simon Bolivar is an illuminating book and a very interesting one.

Narcissa Whitman. By Jeanette Eaton. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. The life story of Oregon's great pioneer woman. Exciting and well written.

Stark of the North Country. By Leon W. Dean. Farrar and Rinehart. $2. A fine full biography of the New Hampshire frontiersman, who was a Ranger with Roberts and hero of the Battle of Bennington.

Walt Whitman. By Babette Deutsch. Messner. $2.50. This life story of a poet written by a poet has distinction and charm. Includes selected poems.

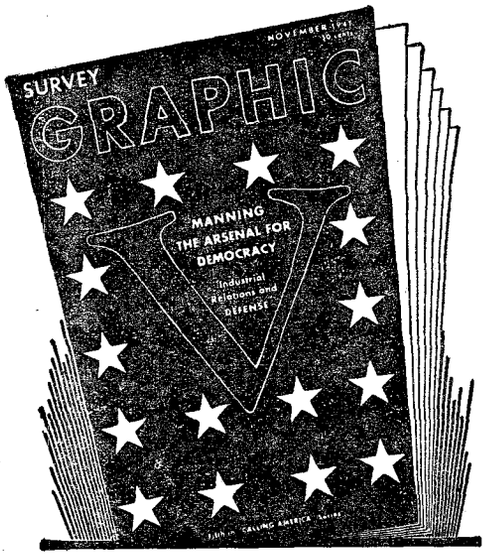
Lake of Gold. By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin. $2. A distinguished story of permanent value.

The Long Christmas. By Ruth Sawyer. Viking. $2.50. Christmas stories, gay and somber, reflecting the spirit of many nationalities.

In Early Issues of The Nation

Rebecca West's "Black Saint and Grey Falcon"
REVIEWED BY STOYAN PREBICHEVITCH

B. H. Haggin's "Music on Records"
REVIEWED BY JACQUES BARZUN



FREE TO YOU . . .

THIS 132-page special number of *Survey Graphic,* fifth in the smash hit Calling America Series, brings down to American earth the challenge to our freedom from overseas.

Text, graphs, photographs, maps and drawings take you behind the scenes of strikes—back of defense migration, priorities, unemployment, subversive activities—they show you revolutionary changes afoot in the Ford plant—trace the evolution of government agencies—point out how we can increase defense production yet preserve free labor and free enterprise.

Here are 11 out of 33 contributors drawn from the ranks of employers, labor leaders, government officials, journalists, and expert observers—William H. Davis, Chairman National Defense Mediation Board—Louis Stark, Washington correspondent—Bernard M. Baruch, Chairman War Industries Board 1917-19—William R. Burrows, Vice-President, General Electric Company—Sidney Hillman, Associate Director Office of Production Management—William H. Leiserson, National Labor Relations Board—David Dubinsky, President, International Ladies Garment Workers Union—Walter D. Fuller, President, National Association of Manufacturers—Walter P. Reuther, United Automobile Workers—Rt. Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, National Catholic Welfare Conference—Robert J. Watt, American Federation of Labor.

Survey Graphic itself is America's magazine of social interpretation, not generally available on newsstands. It is published by Survey Associates, a non-partisan, non-profit, educational society.

We anticipate an exceptional demand for this number because the first in this series, edited by Raymond Gram Swing, went into three editions; the second sold out in three weeks; the fourth ran close to 100,000 copies, an all-time record for *Survey Graphic.*

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Send $1 for five months of *Survey Graphic* (regularly $3 a year) and we will add your free copy of Manning the Arsenal for Democracy. But mail the coupon below today!

SURVEY GRAPHIC, 112 East 19 Street, New York City

For the dollar enclosed send five months of *Survey Graphic* plus a free copy of Manning the Arsenal for Democracy (six months in all). N

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Published This Week

The New Economic Warfare. By Antonin Basch. Columbia University. $1.75.
Whittier: Bard of Freedom. By Whitman Bennett. North Carolina. $3.50.
The Music of Spain. By Gilbert Chase. Norton. $4.
Ideologies and American Labor. By Paul K. Crosser. Oxford. $2.50.
Mr. Dooley's America: A Life of Finley Peter Dunne. By Elmer Ellis. Knopf. $3.
The Potsdam Führer: Frederick William I, Father of Prussian Militarism. By Robert Ergang. Columbia University. $3.
German Psychological Warfare. Edited by Ladislas Farago. New Edition. New York: Committee for National Morale. $2.50.
First Papers. By Martin Gumpert. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.
A Generation of Materialism, 1871-1900. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. Harper. $3.75.
Advance from Broadway: 19,000 Miles of American Theater. By Norris Houghton. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat? By Gerald W. Johnson. Harper. $3.
Through the American Landscape. By Kaj Klitgaard. University of North Carolina. $3.50.
Is Tomorrow Hitler's? By H. R. Knickerbocker. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.
Satan in Top Hat: The Biography of Franz von Papen. By Tibor Koeves. Alliance Book Corporation. $3.
Norway, Neutral and Invaded. By Halvdan Koht. Macmillan. $2.50.
Horace Walpole's Correspondence with George Montagu. Edited by W. S. Lewis and Ralph S. Brown, Jr. Yale University. Two Volumes. $15.
Economic Consequences of the Second World War. By Lewis L. Lorwin. Random House. $3.
Conflict: The American Civil War. By George Fort Milton. Coward-McCann. $3.50.
"God Is My Father." Being the Last Twenty-eight Sermons by Martin Niemöller. Philosophical Library and Alliance Book Corporation. $2.75.
Pageant of South American History. By Anne Merriman Peck. Longmans, Green. $3.
The Cambridge History of Poland, 1697-1935. Macmillan. $7.50.
Divided They Fall: A Plea for Unity. By Richard B. Scandrett, Jr. Harper. $1.
My India, My America. By Krishnalal Shridharani. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.75.
Short-Grass Country. By Stanley Vestal. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.
Faust. Parts One and Two. By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated from the German and Edited by George Madison Priest. Knopf. $5.
Shenandoah. By Delmore Schwartz. New Directions. $1.
The Democratic Tradition in America. By T. V. Smith. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.
American Giant: Walt Whitman and His Times. By Frances Winwar. Harper. $3.50.
Labor Defends America. By Herman Wolf. Union for Democratic Action and American Council on Public Affairs. 25 cents.
A History of Medical Psychology. By Gregory Zilboorg in Collaboration with George W. Henry. Norton. $5.
Education for Death: The Making of the Nazi. By Gregor Ziemer. Oxford. $2.

MUSIC

REHEARING "Cosi Fan Tutte" after a number of years I find that I do not hear in it the tragic implications which Turner hears, and that it is not for me, as it is for him, Mozart's most perfect achievement in opera. What I do hear is a beautiful work, with characteristically Mozartian melodies and textures of sounds of voices and instruments. And in the performance with which the New Opera Company opened its season I heard these melodies and textures beautifully created by Fritz Busch in the living sound of good singers and instrumentalists. Moreover, this finished, lively performance of the music was complemented by an equally finished and lively performance of the play.

The New Opera Company's second production provided me with a first and surprised hearing of Tchaikovsky's excellent music for "The Queen of Spades"—the melodious vocal parts very much like his songs, and the superb orchestral part which reveals not only the mastery of the orchestra that is heard in the symphonies but an astonishingly effective use of it for every dramatic purpose it is called on to serve in the opera. But as I enjoyed this music, excellently sung and played under Herman Adler's direction, I had to fight off the illusion-destroying effect of a stage performance by young Americans of college dramatic society caliber whose inadequacy for their roles was exaggerated and made ludicrous by some of the things that ineptly pretentious, arty stage direction had them do.

The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo's most spectacular and publicized novelty this year is "Labyrinth"—spectacular and publicized because of the participation of Dali, who contributed the libretto and designed characteristically eye-monopolizing settings and costumes. The music—completely irrelevant to everything on the stage—is Schubert's C major Symphony; the choreography is another example of Massine's feebleness when he is pretentious, as compared with his delightful invention for purposes of mere gaiety and fun and wit in "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Beau Danube," and "Gaité Parisienne." The other novelty that I saw, "The Magic Swan," Fedorova's restaging of the third act of "Swan Lake," is a series of divertissements. And new for me were Massine's "Capriccio Espagnol" to the Rimsky-Korsakov piece, which might be described as a series of divertissements in Spanish style, and Ashton's "Devil's Holiday" to music of Paganini-Tomassini, which is quite good.

In contrast to all these were Balanchine's fascinatingly original vocabulary and invention and powerful rhetoric in his "Serenade" to Tchaikovsky's music, his "Baiser de la fée" to Stravinsky's perversion of Tchaikovsky's music. As for "Poker Game," its thinness and brittleness are to be accounted for, I think, by the fact that its point of departure is one of the worst of Stravinsky's pieces of synthetic music; and the wonder to me is the amount of humorous and exciting movement that Balanchine contrived in spite of this handicap.

And finally I saw some of the classics —"Swan Lake," Fokine's "Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Spectre de la rose," Nijinskys "Après-midi d'un faune." Some of these suffered most from performances that lacked precision and spirit and that had only such distinction as was imparted to them by the exciting brilliance and theatrical personality of Toumanova, the poised and fluent grace of Danilova, the style and wit of Massine. "Le Spectre de la rose," that is, suffered more than "Gaité Parisienne" and "Serenade." But where these were a little shabby, "Petrouchka" —with the chaos on the stage in the carnival scenes, the musical chaos achieved by the fatuous Efrem Kurtz—was a ruin. And "L'Après-midi d'un faune" had some deplorable changes even in the still wonderful choreography "after Nijinsky," and disturbingly tasteless new costumes for the Faun and the First Nymph.

Columbia's new set of a performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 by Beecham and the London Philharmonic (470, $5.50) enables us to hear how fine a work this symphony is when it is performed as Tchaikovsky directs by a man of first-rate musical taste. The performance is well recorded, though not with the marvelous clarity of texture of the Furtwänger recording of the "Pathétique"; and both copies of the first side that I heard lacked the brilliance of the other sides and got a little gritty at the end. One copy of side 7 had a noisily swishing surface; on second copy the swish was less disturbing.

Some of the September releases of Victor have straggled in. One of them is the set (808, $4.50) of Handel's Concerti Grossi Op. 6 Nos. 1 and 5—fine works, which have the delicacy of line,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

texture and proportions of chamber music as they are played by Hermann Diener and his Collegium Musicum (the only other recent recording of No. 5 is that of Weingartner's excellent performance with large orchestra). The performances are well recorded, but sides 1, 2, 4, 5, and 8 of my copy have noisy defects. So has side 2 of my copy of the excellent and well recorded performance by Talich and the Czech Philharmonic of Dvorak's beautiful "Carneval" Overture (13710, $1). And so have sides 1 and 7 of my copy of the Coolidge Quartet's recorded performance of Beethoven's wonderful Quartet Op. 59 No. 1 (Set 804, $4.50)—a performance that is technically and musically impeccable but thin in sound and cold in feeling. I hope that some day Victor will release H. M. V.'s Budapest Quartet recording of the work; meanwhile I suggest Columbia's Roth Quartet version.

I have also heard Victor's September set (806, $2.50) of Schnabel's performance of Bach's Italian Concerto, in which Schnabel's musicianship is evident, with best effect in the superb slow movement, and with occasions in the two fast movements where rhythm and execution are slovenly. Then the set (809, $3.50) of Mozart's Sonata K. 497 for piano four hands, which Tovey considers a great work, but which I find uninteresting, and which is played insensitively by the two Sanromás. And the set (807, $2.50) of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach's Sonata in C minor for viola and harpsichord—not an interesting piece of music, but played with beauty of tone and phrasing by Primrose, with Pessl thumping along as usual.

B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

The Arden Forest Follies

LAST year Maurice Evans and Helen Hayes made an acceptable attempt to put back on the stage one of the Shakespearean plays least obviously for all time rather than just for a day. Inspired perhaps by that attempt, an entirely different group tackled boldly an even more difficult assignment and with Helen Craig (late of "Johnny Belinda") as its Rosalind romped (for a few nights) through "As You Like It" at the Mansfield Theater. The plot of that play, considered merely as a plot, is not any better than the plot of, let us say, "Panama Hattie," and there is no more reason why any attempt should be made to get a spectator to take it seriously. The conspiracy against the good Duke in the one is just about as believable and just about as thrilling as the attempt to blow up the Panama Canal in the other, and it is, incidentally, wonderful to think that people who call themselves sophisticated know how to take the latter while expressing condescending amazement that Shakespeare's contemporaries were childish enough to accept the other.

To the extent which all this suggests, Eugene S. Bryden, the European director responsible for the production, was perfectly right in treating the story very cavalierly indeed, and he was at least defensible when he gagged many of the scenes—sometimes very successfully, as that of the wrestling match, which must have come as a great relief to those who have seen it played, as I have, with all the portentousness of the duel in "Hamlet." But "As You Like It," like "Panama Hattie," has the unity and coherence which come from accepting a set of conventions consistently observed, and it is this which Mr. Bryden's production utterly failed to recognize—with the result that it degenerated into a kind of vaudeville performance consisting chiefly of low-comedy scenes no one of which reinforced any other and which added up to no whole any more meaningful or effective than the sum of the parts.

To me the pattern of the play and its theme are obvious enough. It is a playfully satiric fantasy on the idea of the simple life, and everything is related to that central idea. Orlando and Rosalind, each for his own reason, have gone to seek in the forest that life in accord with nature which both, as good Elizabethans, have read about in Montaigne or in some Italian pastoral. And in the forest they meet various personages who represent for the most part no reality at all but merely the various conventions generated in literature by the ideal of the simple life. Thus the good Duke and his company represent Robin Hood, while Corin and Phoebe are figures from the artificial pastoral or what we should call the Dresden china version of pastoral life. Rosalind is a sort of Alice in this Wonderland of literature who makes common-sense remarks and believes in it all only to the same limited extent that Alice believes in the Mock Turtle or the White Queen because, like Alice, she has met those personages as conventions but never before believed that they had tangible existence. The one exception is William, the shepherd as shepherds really are and hence the ultimate commentary on the whole thing. You have been looking for the simple life and the man who knows nothing but what nature has taught him. Well, here he is, and the joke is on you.

Perhaps this is not *the* interpretation of "As You Like It." Quite possibly others are not only defensible but better. The point is simply that the play could be played with this in mind and that the recent production was fundamentally unsatisfactory not because it did not follow *this* pattern but because it did not follow any pattern at all, because as it was played there was no unity whatsoever. "As You Like It" may not be one of the best of Shakespeare's plays. Its reference to contemporary fashions and its easy yielding to Elizabethan taste in romance may prevent it from ever again being more than a museum piece. But it is a great deal richer than the performance at the Mansfield ever suggested.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 424]

Carefully, for it would take the fleet at least two hours to make harbor even if the full force of the gale did not overtake it and stamp it down into the water, she made the bed. Meanwhile, she prayed, all the prayers she knew, stringing her disordered appeals for a safe journey, good harvest, deliverance from sickness, rescue from the sea's perils, and easy childbirth into a sibilant chain. Only in her prayers was she hasty and unmethodical. Not until the soup was made and simmering gently on the hearth did she take the bottle of cordial from its niche; then, glancing supplicatingly at the Sacred Heart, she snatched a folded blanket from the corner and ran blunderingly out of the hut.

Except for a few children the unlit streets were empty. She did not even comment to herself on the darkness of the streets but made her way with slower and perplexed gait toward the piazza.

A dim light came from the wide-open door of Our Lady of Sorrows, and somewhere among the unrustling trees a voice was hysterically yelling that the light was visible. The Grisafi came to a standstill in front of the church. There were scandalously few women inside. All the fishermen's wives should have been clamoring to the Virgin. They should have kept up their prayers until a quarter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of an hour before the landing, or until a boy ran breathlessly into the church and yelled with cracking throat, "They're coming, Paterno and Grisafi. The Knight it is. Coming first." But it was not dawn, and the Knight, first to make the beach in that storm of long ago, had been spied wallowing amid gray water, not black.

Then Rosaria spat, a little spittle, sufficient to express her hatred of the powerless and deceitful Lady of Sorrows, the modern plaster one that long ago had replaced the powerful and imperious Lady of wood who once had dwelt there. Bencivenni, and others too, said that the Grisafi had been seen to spit on passing the church. She spat furtively, with cunning, sometimes only making a tiny extrusive darting of the point of her tongue. But it was blasphemy. Everyone knew that she had said things against the Lady of Sorrows who had not saved her husband despite her most extravagant promises.

Screaming about the light, spitting out his hot bile against whosoever had flung the church door open, knowing well that it was the priest, Bencivenni ran past Rosaria into the church and slammed the great doors.

A group of men were skulking in the arcade under the Town Hall, shirking their beach duty, like the women in their beds.

"Eh, cattle, cowardly loafers, card players, and politicians," she stormed quietly as she hurried toward the beach. Some of the skulkers were sitting on chairs brought out of the Fascio office. They should have been on the thundering beach outside the little harbor, whose entrance was too narrow for passage when the sea also clamored for admittance. She hurried round the corner, past the brand-new public convenience, toward the beach. The beach was almost empty. The people were thick along the stone quay. Perplexed but still moving quickly, she stepped over and through the boxes scattered before the fish-curing factory and approached the back of the quietly conversing crowd. There she stood, nervously shuffling her feet, until a middle-aged man came up to her. He pushed his head forward to peer at her and touched her blanket with his fingers. For a moment he grasped the neck of her cordial bottle and she clutched it tightly. "The brandy, too, *bedda matri,* the crazy old thing," he exclaimed, and drifted away.

A quarter of an hour later the boats began to arrive. The Grisafi heard the grating of wood upon stone. Don Paulo Mori, the Fascisti chief, somewhere beyond the crowd bellowed a lot of incomprehensible remarks about responsibility and irresponsibility. The crowd of landsmen broke up and streamed around her to enter the town by the narrow street that led from the quay. When they had all gone, a few fishermen and their wives followed, the women silent and humble, the men sullen and cursing down in their throats. Behind them came the rest of the fishermen, grouped together, walking out of step, not saying a word. Don Cataldo's shoe leather squeaked well in the rear of the group. He was frantically giving excuses for his inability to prevent the fishermen from going to sea and lighting their lamps. The news had been given out too late. The naval lieutenant said nothing in this dispute.

Behind the officials came six men, among them the partners of the Archangel Michael. Filippo, the son of Signora Ferrarello, carrying his mandolin, detached himself from the Archangel group and confronted the Grisafi.

"Eh, my lively grandmother Rosaria, what are you doing here?" he cried, and his voice was unrestrained. The Grisafi did not reply but hugged her blanket and the wicker-covered bottle to her chest. Filippo whistled.

"Eh, old lady, you go home, like a good old mother. There's no man here for you," he said and put his hand upon her shoulder. She wriggled beneath his grasp.

"Ora va," he said loudly, as if concluding a trivial conversation, hearing the two officials and the ex-harbor master as they approached. "Everything will be well. Go on home, old mother," he added quietly.

"Ferrarello!" Don Paulo Mori snapped.

"Bacio le mani a Voscienza," Filippo replied, but the unperturbed tone and the instantaneousness of the answer did not imply deference, much less any readiness to kiss his honor's hands.

"What is this woman doing here?" the harbor master put in.

"Ah!" Filippo said as if he were making a point in some wineshop bantering match. "Ah! The old lady wanders in several senses, but her object now . . ."

"You went to sea in the Archangel Michael. You were never a member of the crew."

"Signore. I was never a member of the crew, as you say. There are other trades, the growing of oranges and lemons, for instance, or . . ."

"Sufficient," Major Mori snapped, infuriated at the man's insolence. "You went to sea."

"A disturbance of my routine," Ferrarello said smoothly, a minute inflection of finality in the phrase. Don Cataldo fidgeted. "A day of such disturbances, *Voscienza.*" Filippo was addressing the ex-harbor master.

"There may be days of trouble for certain people," Mori said heavily.

"Ah! Who can doubt it, Signor?"

Rosario Grisafi bowed her head and Mori again turned to Ferrarello.

"What is she doing here, impertinent?"

"Why nothing, I surmise." Mori well understood that the unusual word surmise was intended as insolence. "It is well known to you, gentlemen, that the old lady is confused. Doubtless, as you also will have reasoned, since you know her story better than I do, she imagined a storm was brewing and came to the waterfront prepared."

"Saints and martyrs," the ex-harbor master replied, not in surprise but in melancholy confirmation.

"I will escort the old lady to her house, with your permission. *Bacio le mani a Voscienza.*" Again Ferrarello addressed Don Cataldo, who was terrified at the mandolinist picking him out for deference.

"Stay here. Go on home, woman." Mori waved the Grisafi away. Promptly, as if she had all the while been so resolved, Rosaria obeyed.

"Well, well! *Tutto buono i beniritto i guardetevi.*" Filippo laughed and waved his hand in a humorous gesture of dismissal as he said this.

"You still have not told us why you decided to sail in the Archangel Michael."

"Signor Mori, I was invited. I was offered payment. Being in need of money I accepted."

Mori, recognizing a debating trick in the precision and logic of the statement, shot in his next question quickly.

"There was conversation at sea?"

"About many things, Signor. About fish and the manner of catching them, the price of them, the seaworthiness of the patched-up boat, et cetera, all the things that fishermen will talk about. I performed a little on my instrument. I talked a little. Though doubtless you have been informed of all this."

Mori waited some time before replying. Once he seemed about to speak but checked himself. "You'd better put yourself under your own roof with the rest of your worthless family of *latitante.*"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"*Latitante!* Why, Signor. As to that, how can we be *latitante?* We have not fled, and we do not hide in the hills."

Mori abruptly turned away in exasperation.

"*Bacio le mani a Voscienza,*" Filippo said and strolled away.

In the piazza over a hundred people, not all of them fishermen, were talking quietly in black groups.

"The Grisafi . . ." Ferrarello heard a fisherman say.

"Well, now," he ejaculated with interest, joining the group, "What was the meaning of her bringing down a blanket and her famous bottle of mouthwash?" The fishermen did not reply. That the mandolinist had been detained by the officials made them suspicious. Nor was Filippo's lighthearted tone appropriate to the theme of their conversation. He moved on, but though several times he heard the old woman's name, none would talk freely about her.

Major Mori entered the piazza and accosted the minor politicians under the arcade. Hearing him order them to go home, the groups in the piazza also departed. Bencivenni opened the church door from within. He locked the door noisily and crossed the square to the street corner, starting violently as Filippo stepped out.

"Eh, Don Onopio."

"Damnation, man, you frightened me. And don't 'Don' me. Can't you leave off even when no one's listening to you?"

"Apologies. Apologies," Ferrarello ejaculated promptly, falsifying the accent of the word in contemptuous and sufficient rebuttal of the charge of disrespect.

"Well, then, what do you want?"

"You're going to cool off? As I do after playing?"

"*I* am not a night bird."

"Now, now. It's you who are making aspersions. Why do we two always quarrel, Signor Bencivenni?" Ferrarello answered his question. "Habit, I suppose. I awaken hostility. I must bridle my tongue."

"*Bedda matri.* Listen to him. Just listen!" Irritated at being addressed by the mandolinist, Bencivenni nevertheless took a proffered cigar and began to smoke. He attempted to reestablish his dignity by speaking quietly.

"I was thinking about that crazy old woman. She was down at the waterfront with a blanket and a bottle of brandy," Filippo said. Bencivenni blew several puffs of smoke before replying.

"Hm," he mused. "It is well known that she is touched in the head."

"She was down there to take care of her husband," Ferrarello said, and then, as the sexton was about to reply, he asked, "Has she ever done that before?"

"I don't remember," Bencivenni answered at last. "It was the putting out of the lights, I guess. She's not just crazy, she's mad." He said this emphatically.

"But they're put out every night when the nets are drawn round the congregation of fish."

Bencivenni let the pretentious word pass, though he suspected the mandolinist was imitating the manner of speech he himself usually affected. He answered, "Rarely are the lights extinguished at such an early hour. The coast guard went out to tell them we are at war. Why, you were in the Archangel Michael yourself!"

In a back street they heard a door knocker being loudly rapped. The echoes resounded in the piazza. Dogs barked and were quiet. They barked again when once more the knocking began.

"Most Holy Mother of God," Bencivenni muttered.

"I know her husband was drowned," Filippo said.

"If you . . ." Bencivenni began, and then, lowering his voice, he said, "It was the first day of the season after the sea was blessed and she foretold a great storm. She behaved strangely the day of the procession and shouted out that the men would all be drowned before the night was out. People couldn't quiet her, and she was taken away and locked in her house with her husband till the ceremonies were over. Grisafi couldn't control his wife."

"And then?" Ferrarello asked quickly.

"Her husband and three others in the same boat were drowned. A storm blew up at one in the morning."

In another street a door knocker was hammered. Bencivenni hurled the cigar upon the ground and stamped upon it. The dogs were barking furiously now, and the hubbub echoed loudly through the piazza. Then for a while there was silence. Bencivenni crossed himself hurriedly and touched Ferrarello's forearm.

"Holy Mother of God," he whispered. In the piazza an obscure form was moving swiftly. "It's her, she's going to the old Paterno house. Holy Mother, blessed company of saints." Bencivenni began to tremble and swear. At intervals he crossed himself.

"The Paterno house," Filippo said after a while.

"She'll knock again! God forbid it." They waited a few moments, until the knocking began. Bencivenni gabbled in excitement and fear. "It's the old Paterno house."

"She knocked upon the doors of the dead men that night after her husband's boat was overturned in making the beach. It was lost because it was undermanned. It was undermanned because her husband was under her thumb and she was stingy with money, just as she is now with the wax. Well, God have mercy on her. This isn't the moment to speak ill of her. But she was the cause of the boat being overturned. That's true." He crossed himself. "And she herself prophesied it. Eh! What do you think of that, man? But why do you ask me? You must have heard it, though you were away a long time in your early years."

"I was in prison as a convict while you were a sexton in church," Filippo said with nonchalant sarcasm.

"As I was saying, the night after the storm she went round to each of the three houses and knocked on the doors. She seemed to be living the previous night again. They drove her away. She was demented. Mixed up. She knocked and cried out, 'They'll all be dead, before the night's out,' the way she did at the procession."

Presently Bencivenni said, "Will you take a little glass with me at my house? It's too hot to sleep." He talked freely and emphatically about the storm of twenty-five years ago as they were crossing the piazza. As they were approaching his house, he exclaimed in fear and pointed.

"That's her!" the mandolinist said. They heard the Grisafi's gabbling whine a short distance from them. She came half running, half trotting in their direction. The sexton pulled Ferrarello into the doorway as Rosaria Grisafi drew near.

"Eh, eh, Holy Mother," she wailed, "Holy Mother. They'll all be dead before this night is out."

Ferrarello's mandolin slipped from his grasp and clattered hollowly upon the stones. The wires sustained their notes a few moments. He did not stoop to retrieve it until the Grisafi had moved out of sight and hearing. Long after, sitting in the unlit room beneath the bunches of votive candles hanging from the beams, they heard the dogs barking at intervals and knew that Rosaria Grisafi was running wild about the streets, muttering her prophecy of grief.

[*To be continued next week*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

Mr. Ickes Explains Further

Dear Sirs: In your issue of October 11 you advert again to language contained in an earlier editorial criticism, to the effect that "the most dangerous aspect of the whole [oil] situation is that every important post which has to do with oil under Ickes, the Maritime Commission, or the State Department is staffed with men drawn from the oil trust or its legal satellites."

In my comment upon your earlier editorials, for which you gave me such generous space in the same issue, I did not refer to this charge because I did not want to impose unduly upon you. I had no disposition to dodge the issue.

Strictly speaking, the charge cannot be sustained by the facts, as a careful canvass would amply demonstrate. Naturally I am speaking only for myself, since it would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to defend either the Maritime Commission or the State Department. It is a fact that many of the experts upon whom I have drawn for services in connection with the Petroleum Coordinatorship have represented major oil companies. It should be added that, with few exceptions indeed, there has been no complaint on the part of people in the oil industry that the independents have been discriminated against or that they lack the full measure of representation to which they are entitled. If you have any complaints from such sources, I will be glad to consider them with you either privately or publicly.

It seems to be generally overlooked that the Petroleum Coordinator has neither compulsory nor restraining powers conferred by statute under which he may direct the activities of the oil industry. From the beginning our policy has been one of cooperation with the industry, and I may say that, with few qualifications, I have never seen more genuine and whole-hearted cooperation between government and industry. I would not have the right, even if I had the desire, as Petroleum Coordinator, to change the competitive position as between any units or segments of the industry. I have assured the industry from the beginning that I would do all in my power to see to it that, as the result of my administration as Coordinator, there would be no change in the relative competitive position of any company, great or small. I think that it would be extremely bad public policy and an arrogant assumption of power that I do not possess to take advantage of an emergency situation to impose my will upon an industry with respect to matters concerning which the Congress has not legislated. As a matter of fact, to do so would be little less than a breach of faith.

It is axiomatic that if one is trying to get results by cooperation one must cooperate in good faith with those with whom one is attempting to work. There cannot be cooperation unless it is based upon mutual trust and understanding. And in a business that is dominated by big units to the extent that the oil business is, there could not be cooperation but only a futile attempt at dictation if the big units were not given the fair and proportionate representation to which they are entitled. That a balance is pretty well maintained between the big companies and the independents is proved by the fact that there have been practically no complaints from the independents. Such criticisms as I have seen have been from those who, while justly and properly wishing little business to have its rights, are at the same time not fully acquainted either with the powers, the objectives, or the accomplishments of the Petroleum Coordinatorship.

It happens that I did select as my deputy coordinator Ralph K. Davies, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company of California. I selected him on his merits, and without regard to his business or political connections. I doubt that I could have selected anyone else whose appointment would have been so cordially approved by such an overwhelming number of men in the oil business, both big and little. I had not dared to hope that there would be such practical unanimity as there has been in his case.

It is true also that I selected as general counsel a member of the law firm that represents the Standard Oil Company of California. In that instance the selection was determined by the fact that when I was Oil Administrator under the NIRA Act in 1933, Mr. Marshall came to me as a young lawyer, from the law faculty of Yale, and learned his oil law as a government lawyer. I came to know and trust him then, and my trust and confidence in him have not been diminished since he went into private practice as a lawyer representing oil interests in California. Even taking into account these two and others who might be mentioned, it cannot accurately be said that "every important post which has to do with oil under Ickes . . . is staffed with men drawn from the oil trust or its legal satellites."

As to tanker tonnage, or tanker availability, I wish, with you, that either the British or ourselves, or the two of us together, could work out the facts quietly and without the sensationalism which inevitably attaches to a Congressional investigation, where it is the headline that counts.

HAROLD L. ICKES,
Petroleum Coordinator for
National Defense

Washington, October 15

CONTRIBUTORS

CAREY McWILLIAMS, State Commissioner of Immigration and Housing in California, will this winter publish a book on the migrant problem to be entitled "Shadows on the Land."

ALDEN STEVENS, free-lance journalist, has contributed articles to *Survey Graphic, McCall's, Harper's Magazine,* and other periodicals.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, poet and critic, has published a translation of García Lorca's poems.

LIONEL TRILLING, assistant professor of English at Columbia University, is giving a course of lectures on Shakespeare at the New School for Social Research.

RUSTEM VAMBERY, Hungarian criminologist and sociologist, has written extensively on European problems for publications here and abroad.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED